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45 MEN APPEAR BEFORE THE EXEMPTION BOARD

Discharge 10 for Physical and Dependency Causes.

50 MORE UP TOMORROW

Rapid Progress Made in Examinations of Drafted Men for Federal Army—One-third of Wednesday's Group Ask no Exemption.

To provide one hundred additional men from Centre County for Uncle Sam's new army, examinations of drafted men were resumed yesterday by the local Exemption Board. During the day 45 of the first 50 were examined. Of this number 32 were accepted and 13 discharged for physical defects. Five men did not appear. In most instances they happen to be out of the State at present. Of the total number accepted for the day 15 did not ask for exemption, while 17 filed notice that exemption claims would be submitted. The result of the examinations follows: -

ACCEPTED

Edward Roy Bartley
Albert James Heaton
Horace Beaver Stover
Clayton Bloomer Stover
Peter Leroy Dutrow
Fred M. Hull
James Beaver Moore
Irvin Clayton Korman
George Robert Breon
Floyd Ellery Snyder
William T. Watson
Ralph Wise Stover
Harry I. Greenawalt
John Reuben Stover
William Rashdorf
Seth Bell
Harry Boyer Mensch
W. Takystaw
Ralph Irvin Gilliland
Edward Grant Emil
Stewart Mervin Breon
Mike Handogie
Guy Willis Korman
Henry F. McKinley
Henry Hudson Test
Clyde E. Hockman
Clement Hudock
Raymond Lucas
Paul Miller Gentzel
Andy Petrof
Philip John Bailey
Carl Reed Bierley

DISCHARGED

John Retarick
William H. Oister
Clyde Albert Campbell
Odie Claire Spicer
Russell L. King
John W. Neese
Frank L. Godshall
Mervin Francis Shively
Fred Perry Rockey
Edward Zerby
Chester Earl Homan
Charles C. Bryan
Paul A. Vonada

The Exemption Board late yesterday approved the following five claims for exemption, all of which were for dependency causes, and discharged the five men named:—

Edward Roy Bartley, Nittany
Horace Beaver Stover, Aaronsburg
Clyde B. Stover, Spring Mills
Ralph Wise Stover, State College
Clyde E. Hockman, Zion

Fifty additional drafted men will be examined by the local Exemption Board on Friday.

Water Street Paving.

Some time ago the State Highway department advertised for bids to pave South Water street, Bellefonte, from the High street bridge to the borough line, a short distance west of the hospital. At that time there was but one bid and that was from R. B. Taylor, of this place. His bid wes $28.140 which was far above the estimate made by the State. The Bellefonte Council also considered it more than it could pay. Recently new bids were again recieved for the work when Mr. Taylor bid the same as the first time. Lumis & King, of Altoona, bid $27.860 which was $280 below Taylor's bid. If Mr. Taylor was too high the first time then the lowest bid this time is too high. The difference in the bids is so small that to award it to the lowest bidder at this time wouldn't be the right thing. Everybody knows that the street needs attention but no fancy price should be given to have it done. Anyway it would be the logical thing if the work could be done by a Bellefonter and not by an outsider.

Miller—McCafferty

Miss Bess McCafferty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McCafferty, formerly of Bellefonte but now of Lewistown, was recently married to Ira Miller.

NEW TRIAL REFUSED

Judge Quigley Hands Down Decree in Damage Suit of Walker vs. Heaton.

Judge Quigley has handed down an opinion and decree in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Walker vs. Edward Heaton, in which he refuses a motion for a new trial. The opinion and decree follows:—

This is an action in trespass brought to establish the rights of the parties concerning a certain way through the property of the defendant, and to recover the damages for closing the same.

Prior to 1883 John Resides was the owner of all the land now owned by the plaintiffs and defendant. On the —— day of —— 1883 he conveyed to his brother, Philip Resides, 27 acres and 124 perches the deed containing this clause: "Reserving the right of way, (sic.) through the above described tract of land near the barn to the land owned by me situated north of the described tract for the purpose of hauling to and from said land and for general farming purposes." Philip Resides died in 1902 and his executors conveyed to Claude Poorman, who in turn conveyed to Eva M. Heaton (wife of the defendant) on March 12, 1909. John Resides died on the 12th day of February 1887, testate. His executors conveyed the land involved, now owned by Mary Walker, one of the plaintiffs, to James and Elmer Resides on the 4th day of April 1888, who in turn conveyed to the plaintiff by deed dated January 4, 1906.

On or about July 4, 1916, the defendant closed this way by strands of barbed wire at one end, and by posting trespass notices on the gate at the other end, thereby preventing the plaintiffs from going through for their crops, whereupon this action in trespass was brought to recover damages and to establish the rights of the parties.

The way reserved by John Resides concerned only one acre of the twenty-seven acres conveyed to Philip Resides. A public road (the outlet of this way) cut off this one acre, and upon it is erected the barn and other farm buildings used in connection with the balance of the defendant's land. It might be said that this one acre was carved out of the balance of John Resides' land because all the rest of Philip's conveyance lay south of the public road, and the way reserved by John ran through the barnyard. The plaintiff's land extends to the public road west of the defendant's barn, and, while the testimony was to the effect that it would be expensive to establish a way out to the public road on her own land, it is nevertheless clear that this could be done comparatively easy.

The question involved is whether the clause in the deed from John Resides to Philip Resides is a reservation of way, or an exception. At the time of the trial we we were convinced that it was a reservation, and adopting the principles in Kister vs. Reeser, 98 Pa. State Reports page 1, granted a compulsory non-suit.

Counsel for plaintiff, admitting that reservations purely personal do not end with the life of the grantor when unaccompanied with words of inheritance, contend, however, that independent of this, there was sufficient testimony on the part of the plaintiffs to warrant submission of the case to the jury on the ground of adverse user for a period of twenty-one years by the succeeding owners. There might be some merit to this were it not for the fact that the testimony of one of the plaintiffs, the husband, who did the farming, negatives this position. On direct examination, after stating that there was a gate at the entrance, and upon being asked whether he opened it when he went in, he answered "Well we went to Mr. Resides and asked permission to go in there—my wife did that", and upon cross examination he repeated in this language: "My wife asked him permission to go in there." Then, too, combating the theory of adverse possession, is the testimony that the route of the way had been changed from one side of the barn to the other.

After careful consideration we have concluded that the order directing a compulsory non-suit should not be disturbed.

We cannot agree with counsel for plaintiffs that our strict and literal construction of the reservation works an injustice on the plaintiffs. They have a comparatively easy way out over their own land.

And now, October 11, 1917, the rule to show cause why the non-suit should not be stricken off is discharged, and motion for new trial is hereby refused at the cost of the plaintiffs.

Holmes—Wion

The friends in Bellefonte of Miss Margaret Wion, the seamstress, and Richard Holmes, of Howard, received announcements Wednesday that they had been married in Bellefonte that day. They left on a wedding trip.

MISS KATHRYN FOSTER WEDS MR. J. S. CRANDELL

Pretty Nuptial Event Solemnized at State College.

MANY GUESTS PRESENT

Bride is Talented Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Foster—Groom is Former Instructor in Engineering Department at Penn State.

Wednesday evening Miss Kathryn Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Foster, of State College, was united in marriage to John S. Crandell, of New York City. The ceremony was held in the Presbyterian church which was prettily decorated for the occasion, and the nuptial bond was sealed in the presence of a large number of friends. The best man was Dr. Keith, of New York City, brother-in-law of the groom. The maid of honor was Miss Helen Foster. She was attired in green charmeuse with net trimmings and drapery with autumn colors and hat to match. The bride was attired in a gown of white charmeuse, with pearl trimmings and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Mrs. Fred Holben, of Harrisburg, and Miss Elizabeth Foster, of State College, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Foster. They were attired in gowns of gold charmeuse with net trimmings of autumn shades and hats to match. The ushers were Misses Mary Warfield, of Bellefonte, and Ruth Meek, Julia Grazier and Mary Lytle, of State College.

Following the services in the church a reception was held at the home of the bride which was attended by over one hundred and fifty guests. The wedding dinner was served amid environments that were very inviting. The house was beautifully decorated. The caterers were B. C. Achenbach & Son, of Lock Haven. The bride and groom left on a wedding tour to the west, planning to stop at Camp Grand, Illinois, to see Lieut. Harold Foster, brother of the bride, who was unable to be home for the wedding.

The bride is one of State College's best known and most charming young ladies. She is a graduate of Penn State, and is a young lady possessing the qualities that will aid in making her home attractive and beautiful. The groom was formerly an instructor in the engineering department at State College but is now with the Barrett Manufacturing Company of New York City. They will make their home in New York City.

Rally Day at Milesburg.

The Milesburg Baptist Young Peoples Society held their Rally services last Sunday evening and there was a capacity audience. The subject for discussion, "Should Christians go to War," was dealt with in a most interesting and scholarly fashion by Rev. George Prentice, who clearly showed that he knew what he was talking about and where he stood. We surely wish we had more patriots like the Rev. Prentice. The following are some of the principal points of the addresswhich lasted over an hour with unfailing interest on the part of the hearers: Has Christianity failed nigh 2000 years since the coming of the "Prince of Peace." All inventive genius owes its inspiration to christianity. Ought a christian go to war? Some say no; others say yes. Both sides appeal to the Bible. God has bestowed two gifts upon the human race. One is civil government and the other is the Christian church. The church has one purpose in the world. The church is in the world only as an evangelising messenger. The principle of conduct for civil government is justice. Forgiveness is a church function. Justice is a state function. The church is forbidden to use force. The government is divinely authorized to compel obedience. The U. S. is at war through no fault of her own and every Christian ought to help. A special feature was some music given by a junior choir.

Liberty Boad Notice.

In pursuance of President Wilson's proclamation, appointing Wednesday October 24th, 1917, as Liberty Loan Day, there will be a joint meeting of the town council and Bellefonte board of trade to arrange to carry out the president's desires Friday evening, October 19th, at 8 P. M. at the Elks club house.

W. FRED REYNOLDS,
President Board of Trade.
EDMUND BLANCHARD,
Burgess.

John W. Montgomery, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Montgomery, has enrolled as a student at Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana.

HAD NARROW ESCAPE IN MOTOR ACCIDENT

Academy Students in Car Ditched Near Pine Grove Mills.

POST PIERCED MACHINE

Enroute Home from Football Game at Lewistown on Saturday Automobile Left Road at Sharp Turn and Crashed into Fence.

Saturday was an eventful day in the history of athletics connected with the Bellefonte Academy. The foot ball team went over the seven mountains to Lewistown where they played the Athletic team. With the party were twenty-four Academy students and the Boys Band of Milesburg in charge of its leader, Frank Weizler. As a means of transportation one of Emerick's big buses was used and a large automobile driven by Walter Weber, of Howard. Before the game there was a big parade headed by the Boys Band which made the people of Lewistown sit up and take notice. James Hughes was very proud of the musical talent from Centre County because there was nothing over there to beat it. The Academy boys played a rattling good game, the score being 19-0 in their favor. After supper the boys started on their return trip. In the automobile were Walter Weber, the driver, William Griffin, Frank, Kelch, James Craig and Edward Smythe. When this party reached Reedsville they became confused and instead of taking the road to the foot of the hill they went over the hill and finally were surprised to find themselves in Huntingdon. The only thing to be done was to go to Mill Creek through to Pennsylvania Furnace and by way of Pine Grove Mills. It was quite dark and as the gasoline was getting low the driver was anxious to get home. About a mile and a half after passing Pine Grove Mills there was a sharp curve in the road and instead of the driver making it the car ran into a ditch and up against a fence post. The post was in such a position that it ran through the back end of the body and the car stuck there. Besides this one or two wheels of the car were damaged which put it entirely out of commission. The car looked as if it had been picked up and thrown over the post. Fortunately none of the occupants were injured. They left the auto and walked back to Pine Grove Mills and had a man bring them to Bellefonte, arriving here about 3.30 Sunday morning. The car was taken to Howard Monday.

ARM SEVERED BY TRAIN

Brakeman Philip Shaw Victim of Sad Accident on Snow Shoe Railroad.

A sad and distressing accident occurred Monday morning at 10.50 o'clock at what is known as Big Sandy Junction, about six miles from Snow Shoe, when Philip Shaw, a brakeman on the freight train on the Snow Shoe branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad lost his right arm. The freight train composed of empty cars was on its way to the mines of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company. When at the junction the engine and caboose switched onto a side track for the purpose of getting a car of cinder. Shaw while in the act of making the coupling his arm slipped and was caught between the cabin and the drawhead. The result was the arm was cut off about six incnes from the wrist.

He called for help when flagman F. C. Beightal was soon on the scene. The injured man was standing along-side the track with the hand and part of the arm hanging by two inches of skih. Shaw wanted Mr. Beightal to take his knife and cut it off but the latter refused stating that his knife might have some infection that would cause blood poison. The arm was tied up and the unfortunate man was placed in the caboose and brought to the Bellefonte hospital. The conductor on the train is W. Scott Walker and the engineer Daniel Lebkecher and they made a phenomenal run, arriving in Bellefonte at 12 40. At the hospital the little bit of tissue, that was holding the arm together, was severed and he is getting along as well as can be expected.

Mr. Shaw is about 34 years of age and has a young wife but no children. He is a son of Mrs. Verina Shaw and resides at Snow Shoe. He is a fine young man and the accident, that cripples him for life, is deeply regretted by hosts of friends. As soon as they heard the news his wife, mother and two brothers, John and Hugh Shaw, came to Bellefonte to look after him.

Advertise in "The Republican."

AT ROCK ISLAND CAMP

Earl S. Orr, in Letter to Home Friends Says Bellefonte Boys are Well.

Earl S. Orr, one of the efficient clerical force of the Bellefonte Trust Company and with other Bellefonte young men now on duty in the ordnance service of the government at Rock Island, Illinois, has written an interesting letter to home friends. His letter affords one an insight into the routine of camp life. It is a pleasure to the parents and friends of the Bellefonte boys to learn that all successfully passed the final physical examination and are now on active duty. All the boys are well and fitting nicely into their new life. Mr. Orr's interesting letter follows:—

Rock Island Arsenal, Ill., Oct. 5, 1917

Dear Friends:—

I arrived at Rock Island safe and sound on Saturday and was assigned to quarters. There are about one hundred men in the barracks where we are stationed; all young men and all good fellows, many of them college men and all of us taking the same instruction. We are kept quite busy most of the time. We had our final physical examination on Monday and all the boys from Bellefonte passed O. K. We have drill every morning and it makes one feel fine and ready for work. Yesterday the uniforms were issued and they certainly make a different looking lot of fellows out of the bunch. Some of them changed in appearance so much you would hardly know them. We are in line for a "shot" in the arm tomorrow, Saturday, which means vaccination for smallpox and inoculation with typhus and incidentally means a good sore arm for Sunday.

Ordinarily we have off from Saturday at 6 P. M. until 6 A. M. Monday, but under quarantine if vaccinated. We get three typhus injections a week apart. We are all well and feeling just the best. No fire in the barracks and all cold water showers. The rations have been very good and extra fine when you are hungry. Today was pay day and I received my first government check. It is good money we get here but not much of it. All the buildings that have been here for any length of time are made of stone and are very nice, but the occasion has caused many other buildings to be put up in a hurry and we are at present in a temporary barracks. Below is the daily schedule. If you don't think it would keep you busy, just try it.

First call, 6 A. M.
Roll call, 6.10
Breakfast, 6.30
Police quarters, 7 to 7.30
Drill, 7.30 to 9.00
Sick call, 8.00
First study period, 9.30 to 11 30
Dinner, 12.00 M.
Second study period, 1.00 to 3.00 P. M.
Third study period, 3.00 to 5.00 P. M
Supper, 5.30
Taps, 9.15

By the time you are through with the above schedule you are ready for the blankets. Our address is Rock Island Arsenal, Rock Island, Illinois, care Ordnance Enlisted Reserve Corps.

EARL S. ORR

P. R. R. Liberty Loan Train.

It is the purpose of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to secure seven million dollars of Liberty Loan Bonds among its employes. To this end special trains are being run over the different divisions on which are speakers who are informing the men as to the true meaning of the loan. Tuesday one of these trains reached Bellefonte about 12.30 o'clock. Quite a large number of employes and outside parties entered the train where logical and convincing addresses were made by J. K. Johnston, superintendent of the Bald Eagle Valley branch; H. M. Sausser, chief clerk to the superintendent, and W. A. Bouse, train dispatcher. All the speeches were ably delivered and to the point.

Rossman—DeLong.

Miss Josephine DeLong, of Tyrone, was quietly united in marriage to Clyde Rossman, of State College, at St. John's Episcopal church, Bellefonte, Monday evening by Rev. M. DeP Maynard The groom is a fine young man. It was a private wedding, only a few of the immediate friends being present. Miss DeLong is one of Tyrone's popular young ladies and has a large circle of friends who wish her all joy and happiness throughout life.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Peter S. Swisher, Addie Resides,	Mill Hall " "
Charles E. Brass, Clara J. Flick,	Unionville "
Walter J. Dailey, Eulodie B. Ertley,	Altoona Nittany
Henry F. Zinck, Elizabeth Hensel,	Wilmerding Chicago
George D. Benn, Amelia Shawley,	Coalport Yarnell

OAK HALL YOUNG LADY HURT BY AUTOMOBILE

Miss Stella Raymond Struck and Dragged 100 Feet by Car.

HAS ANKLE FRACTURED

Caught Between Two Machines Approaching from Opposite Directions—Suffered Painful Bruises on Head—Now in Hospital.

Miss Stella Raymond, the 19 years old daughter of William Raymond, was painfully injured in an automobile accident Sunday evening near her home at Oak Hall. With several friends she was walking in the road. Two automobiles were approaching and one was endeavoring to pass the other. The group of young ladies stepped out of the way of the first car and directly in front of the second machine.

The second car crashed into Miss Raymond with violent force. She was dragged possibly one hundred feet before the machine could be stopped. Her left leg was fractured at the ankle and the foot badly cut and bruised. Two dozen or more stitches were necessary to close a terrible gash in her leg. She also sustained painful bruises about the head and body. Her injuries were dressed and she was removed to the Bellefonte hospital, where her condition was said yesterday to be entirely favorable to a speedy recovery. Persons who witnessed the accident said that her escape from death seemed almost miraculous.

TELLS ABOUT MOOSEHEART

M. R. Johnson Relates Interesting Visit to Moose Lodge Home.

Possibly the most interesting meeting ever held by Bellefonte Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, No. 206, was that on Tuesday night of last week. It was open to the public and was largely attended. The principal speakers of the evening were Colonel Tucker, district organizer and M. R. Johnson, dictator of the loca lodge.

Both speakers told at more or less length of what is known as "Mooseheart", a home conducted by the Moose lodges over the country and which is located at Mooseheart, Indiana. Mr. Johnson, while on a motor trip through the West recently, visited the great Mooseheart home and he was enthusiastic in telling of its wonderful advantages and the splendid work it is doing. The home has been established for the care, maintenance and education of orphan children of members of Moose lodges, also as a place where indigent members of the lodge may round out their years in comfort if they are without means of support. Several hundred orphan children are now living at Mooseheart, where they are being educated and also trained in various trades and professions. A large farm is connected with the place. Mr. Johnson spoke of Mooseheart as being one of the finest places he had ever visited and termed it a monument to the Moose lodges of the country.

Charged with Overspeeding.

P. J. Haller, one of the overseers at the Western Penitentiary, was in Bellefonte Monday in an automobile. He started for his home at Pleasant Gap in the afternoon and either lost control of the machine or was running too fast for when he came to the sharp curve in the State Road, beyond the Nittany Furnace site, he run off the road onto the bridge that crosses the creek to the home of Harvey Griffith. The railing on the side of the bridge was torn down and he came near going into the creek. He was taken in hands by State Policeman Austin and brought to Bellefonte charged with exceeding the speed limit.

Special Notice.

Miss Lydia Morris, chairman of the knitting department of the Bellefonte Chapter of the American Red Cross, is very desirous of having the ladies of the town who are knitting sweaters, scarfs, wristlets or any other articles for the soldiers in France to turn them in by Saturday and not later than Monday. This is imperative because the soldiers must have them before the extreme cold weather sets in. This necessitates sending the box immediately. Please give the proper heed to this notice.

"Joe" Nolan, fireman for the P. R. R., steam heating plant, left Bellefonte Wednesday for Pittsburgh where he has accepted a position as fireman on the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. If he can stand it he will stay but if not his old position here is open for him.

TELLS OF PANTHER HUNT

George G. Hastings Relates Killing of Two Fine Specimens in 1871.

Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, the author of numerous interesting and instructive volumes on legends of mountain and stream has recently written another valuable contribution to his works entitled "Extinct Wild Animals of Pennsylvania—the Panther and Wolf." Among the references in Colonel Shoemaker's book to the last panthers to be killed in Centre County he mentions two that were brought down by the rifle of George G. Hastings, for years a farmer in Buffalo Run valley and now residing in Bellefonte. These two panthers were killed by Mr. Hastings in 1871 not far distant from Beech Creek.

That panther meat was a delicious bite will no doubt be learned with surprise by most persons. Mr. Hastings is authority for the statement that it was just as choice as veal. He remarked that when he was first asked to taste panther meat he shrank from it, due largely to his realization of the panther belonging to the cat family. After considerable urging by a fellow-hunter he finally mustered up sufficient courage to taste the panther meat and to his surprise found it most enjoyable. A reporter of "The Republican" several days ago mentioned to Mr. Hastings that Colonel Shoemaker had noted the killing of the two panthers in 1871 and asked if he could recall the details of the hunt. Some time ago, it seems, Mr. Hastings jotted down the particulars of the incident and very obligingly gave us access to his notes. As related by him the story of the panther hunt was as follows:—

"It was back in 1871. There were six in the camping party, including Mr. James David and myself. The camp was located on the middle branch of Big Run, a tributary of Beech Creek. The boys gave me an invitation to spend a week with them in the woods. They promised me a good time and all the venison I wished to eat. At that time I was kept pretty closely confined in a store and gladly accepted the invitation to go out into the woods. So I arranged to start for the hunting camp on December 28th and landed there the same day. All the members of the hunting party were married and I delivered messages to each one from home. Imagine my amazement when the following morning every man packed up and tramped miles through the snow to Beech Creek. There Mr. David and I were left alone at the camp. My natural impulse was to return home at once, but Mr. David suggested that we remain anyhow and have a hunt. He mentioned that while tramping in the woods several days previously he had come across panther tracks and suggested that we stay and hunt them up. I concluded to try it.

"The next day it snowed, so we stayed in camp. Friday morning we left camp and going south perhaps a mile and a half struck panther tracks and following them came to the place where the panthers had lain the night before. Continuing the trail we found that there were two panthers and that they had separated. With our dogs we followed the tracks of the male panther going through the laurel down the run, and keeping to the run and with Mr. David on the west side came to a large hemlock. There I lost the tracks and called to Mr. David. He came to where I was and we had exchanged but a few words when he suddenly exclaimed:—'Look up there' and pointed to a tree not far off. There was a panther standing on a limb fully thirty feet from the ground. Mr. David gave me the shot and my rifle ball wounded the panther badly in the shoulder. It sprang from the tree and the dogs caught it about one hundred yards from that point.

"I ran as quickly as possible through the brush to where the dogs and panther were fighting. Placing the gun close to the panther so that I would not hurt the dogs I fired a shot and killed it. We removed the saddle and divided the meat, taking the saddle along with us for the dogs. We then started to look for the trail of the other panther and found it a short distance from where we had killed the first one. We put the dogs on the trail and followed it as fast as we could. They were fighting among themselves for the lead, each being anxious to see which should catch the second panther. We got the dogs separated and as it was getting late in the afternoon we concluded to go back to camp with our trophy.

"The next day, December 31st, we left camp in the morning with the dogs following to hunt the trail of the second panther. We soon found the tracks, not far from the camp, the panther probably having remained in that vicinity looking for its mate. It took us a tramp cross country east of camp for perhaps three miles, then circled and headed in the direction of our camp. We saw where it had made an attempt to catch a deer but failed, the deer succeeding in getting away. The panther then left the open woods and went into the thickets. We concluded to put the dogs on the trail. I kept my dog with me so they would not fight, Mr. David putting the two other dogs on the trail. I stood in the open woods watching for the panther. In a short time I saw it leaping through the open woods. I did not stop but went quickly to the trail and started the dog, the other dogs soon coming out and joining in the chase and away they went giving tongue. I waited for Mr. David. He soon came up and then we started on a run following the dogs. Finally we came to where the dogs were barking. They were behind some rocks at the head of a ravine. We could not see the dogs but supposed they had treed the panther. Mr. David saw the panther first. It was on the rocks, on its haunches behind a laurel bush. I was standing at Mr. David's elbow. He put his gun to his shoulder. I glanced down the barrel, saw the panther and quickly throwing my gun to my shoulder I fired. The report of our two guns was almost simultaneous. I was sure that I had shot the panther through the shoulder and remarked to Mr. David that I believed he had missed it. He replied that we would see about that later. The panther fell over the rocks among the dogs and the next instant they were tearing it. We got to them and managing to get them off we skinned the panther. By this time the dogs were fighting at a terrific pace. We took each dog by the hind legs and put them around a tree and in that way pulled them apart and then tied them up. While skinning the panther we found my rifle ball in the animal's shoulders. Mr. David's shot had missed the mark. The Renovo whistle was just then blowing for one o'clock so we started for camp. We were very much elated that night over having gotten two full grown panthers that measured nine feet from the point of nose to tip of tail. We accordingly had the joke on the boys who had started home.

"That night Mr. David cooked the tenderloin of a panther and placed it on the table. He said he had eaten panther meat before and that it was good. I felt rather squirmish about it but confess that I had some curiosity to taste the meat. Finally I mustered up courage to try a piece and was surprised to find how good it really was. It was just as delicious as any piece of veal you ever ate. That night we decided to eat our New Year's dinner in Beech Creek, so early the following morning we left camp and reached home in good time. I gave Mr. David $24, which was the bounty I received for the scalps, and kept the hides as a trophy of the hunt. I gave them away some time ago."

Insurance for Soldiers.

The war insurance bill, a highly meritorious measure and one that will relieve the soldiers and sailors of much anxiety and their families of possible want, has been passed by Congress without a dissenting vote.

This bill carries an appropriation of $150,000,000 and provides allotments for soldiers' families, compensation for injuries and a comprehensive insurance for commissioned officers and enlisted men.

Under the provisions of the bill every enlisted man in the military and naval forces shall allot part of his pay to his wife, or his former wife, if she has not remarried, or to his child or children. Not more than half his pay, nor less than $15 monthly may be allotted.

Allowances may be obtained for his family on written application, the sum not to exceed $50 monthly. The scedule is as follows:

If there be a wife only $15 monthly.

If there be a wife and two children, $32.50.

For each additional child, $5 monthly.

For death in the course of the service in the time of duty, the United States will pay:

For a widow, $35 monthly.

For a widow and child, $45.

For a widow and two children, $52.50.

For each additional child, $5 monthly.

If there be no widow, for one child, $20 monthly.

For two children, $35.

For three children, $45, with $10 for each additional child.

For a widowed mother, $30.

For disability, the United States will pay the soldier:

If he has a wife, $55.

If he has a wife and a child, $65.

If he has a wife and two or more children, $75.

A totally disabled soldier may draw $20 additional for a nurse or attendant.

Insurance against death or total disability may be taken out by soldiers or sailors in multiples of $500 up to $10,000. The cost will be about $8 per $1000.

With this law in effect there will be the assurance that all families of soldiers will be cared for, not perhaps as if the husbands and fathers were at home, but there will be a certainty that want will not be a specter in the house.

Looking Backwards.

The days, months and years pass and the majority of people never think how fast they are hastening to eternity until they strike some gentle reminder. The Centre Hall reporter last week in speaking of past events in Centre County which were recorded in the Reporter Oct. 26th, 1882, says that the Pattison Club of the Loop had a rally at Tusseyville, on the evening of the 17th and were addressed by J. L. Spangler and R. L. Orvis, of Bellefonte.

The new Reformed church, at Bellefonte, will be dedicated next Sunday.

On Tuesday morning, J. T. Hagan, of Farmers Mills, shot an owl in Wm. Homan's woods, measuring four feet, eight inches, from tip to tip.

Advertise in "The Republican."

A PLAGUE OF FEAR

Vague Terrors Bar Lots of Folks From Living on the Land.

DREAD SNAKES AND INSECTS.

They See Dangers and Perils In Country Life That Do Not Exist, and So Prefer Crowded Cities—The Truth About Animal Bites and Poisons.

Fears of injury and even death from snake bite, terror occasioned by dangers imaginary and unseen, keep many nervous people from living on the land, and these senseless fears play a larger part than most people imagine in keeping people huddled in apartment houses, crowded into towns and cities. And the cost of living soars and soars.

Snake and insect poisoning terrorizes millions of well meaning men and women, when, as a matter of fact, danger from falling while running the lawn mower is much more real. Fear seems to become a obsession, and the word "deadly" creeps into conversation at every verse end. The rattlesnake is "deadly." The copperhead and moccasin are "deadly." So is the wholly mythical puff adder. In hardly less degree is the tarantula "deadly," while varying lethal capacities are ascribed to the centipede, the scorpion, the kissing bug and sundry other forms of insect life. Pseudo science to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no living thing within the boundaries of the United States of America whose bite or sting is sure death or (with one possible exception) even probable death.

There are five varieties of venomous serpents in the country, three of them Crotalids and two belonging to the elaps family. The elaps are rare. The crotalids (rattlesnake, moccasin and copperhead) are common and of the widest geographical distribution. Yet, on the basis of actual evidence, the amazing fact stands out that only about eighty persons, so far as is ascertainable, have ever died from snake bites in the United States.

Be it remembered that death following snake bite is not necessarily the same thing as death from snake bite. Error in treatment plays no small part in vitiating the statistics. For "error" read "whisky." Whoever is primarily responsible for the hoary superstition that liquor in huge doses is useful in snake poisoning has many a life to answer for. A whole bottle of raw whisky forced down the throat of a man unaccustomed to alcohol is pretty likely to kill him and is absolutely certain to cause grave poisoning.

Fully as much terror attaches, in the country districts, to the puff adder or sand viper as to the rattlesnake or copperhead. This is a suggestive bit of superstition, since there's no such thing as an adder or viper on the western hemisphere and never has been one, unless it came carefully pickled in a jar. What passes for the supposedly deadly reptile is the common hog nosed or bull snake. It is about as dangerous as an infuriated rabbit. But it puts up one of the best "bluffs" known to natural history.

Diseased imagination could invent no creature more horrific of appearance than the tarantula. Its bristling and hostile aspect, the swift ferocity of its rush, its great size and its enthusiastic preference for combat as against flight are sufficient to account for the fear and respect in which it is generally held. But, though several species of the huge spider are native in the United States and others frequently drop out of banana bunches from South and Central America, to the discomfiture of the unsuspecting grocer, no authentic instance of death from tarantula poison in this country is obtainable.

In some sections of the country the spider hysteria prevails. People shiver every time they see a spider. Yet in all the United States there is known but one poisonous spider. Strangely enough, the one dangerous spider on the American continent is small, obscure and practically unknown. Latrodectus mactans is its scientific name. It is about the size of a large pea, black, with a red spot on the back—a useful danger signal—and spins a small web in outhouses or around woodpiles. But few specimens have ever been identified in this country.

The only insect which really kills is the mosquito, yet less fear is expressed about its activities than about any other poison carrying insect or snake. Compared with the mosquito as a real menace, all the combined brood of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas and other pet bugaboos of our childish romanticism are utterly negligible—are as figments to reality, as shadow to substance.

A clear understanding of these popular fears and superstitions would aid greatly in giving assurance of safety to the man or woman who would till the soil, who would work in the open fields, who would live in the country.—Los Angeles Times.

A Lost Friend.

"I'm up against it. I like Brown very much, but I see no way now to avoid losing his friendship."

"What's the matter?"

"He has asked me to lend him money. If I refuse he'll hate me; if I lend it to him I shall hate him."—Detroit Free Press.

All He Could Stand.

Wife—Tom, I want $20 for pin money. Hub—Great Scott! Here it is, but I'm darned glad you don't want to buy spikes.—Boston Transcript.

Friends become foes and foes are reconciled.—Latin.

TEST YOUR LUNGS.

A Simple Method by Which One May Measure His Development.

People often suffer from weak, undeveloped lungs without suspecting it. True, small, feeble lungs are usually associated with a small, narrow or sunken chest, but not invariably. By means of the misuse of physical culture it is possible to develop large chest muscles, thus acquiring a big chest measurement, while the lungs remain small and ill nourished.

Again, lung mischief is often so slow and insidious in its approach that the trouble is not discovered until it is firmly established. Here, however, is a simple test which will tell you whether your lungs are healthy or not:

Take as deep a breath as you can, and then, in a slow but distinct voice count from one onward as far as you can without taking in more breath. The number of seconds you can continue counting is a pretty reliable index to the state of your lungs, so you should have some one to time you.

If your lungs are sound and normally developed your range will be between twenty and thirty-five seconds. If your limit is between ten and twenty seconds there is no need to be alarmed; probably your lungs are merely in need of exercise, to be readily obtained by regular deep breathing in pure air. A range less than ten seconds, however, points to more or less mischief, and you should not delay in having your lungs examined by a medical man.

CAPTURED BY RODENTS.

A Group of Islands Off Cape Horn Now the Property of Rats.

Within the last generation a unique rat colony has grown up in south Georgia, a group of bleak and barren islands of about 1,000 square miles, in the Atlantic ocean several hundred miles east of Cape Horn. In the three months of the short warm season a little tussock grass grows, and this formerly supported a considerable number of rabbits, with a few small mammals of other species.

In the last century the islands became the center of the whaling industry. With a favorable summer several thousand whales are brought to the nine stations, and the carcasses, after the outer blubber has been stripped off, are set adrift along the shore.

The first rats, escaping from a sealing vessel, were introduced twenty-five or thirty years ago. They found the best of shelter in the peat and tufts of grass, and with an unlimited food supply in cold storage in the enormous field of rotting flesh they have multiplied in millions, notwithstanding the rigors of the winters.

At the time when the rat is being fought as a great menace to the world's health the development of this rat stronghold offers a problem of peculiar interest.—Exchange.

THE SENSATION OF PAIN.

It Is Felt In the Head and Not Where It Seems to Be.

Where do you feel the pain? asks the doctor. In my finger, in my ear, in my foot, the sufferer replies, and if the physician told him he did not feel it there, but in his head, the average man would doubt the doctor's sanity. Yet the doctor would be right.

In an address at the University of California Professor G. H. Parker of Harvard told the students that we have been obliged to give up the idea that sensations are spread throughout our bodies, for persons who have lost a limb often feel sensations that seem to come from the missing member.

"Our sensations," said Professor Parker, "are not located in the peripheral parts affected, but in the central nervous system, and within that portion of it known as the cerebral cortex." This is the outer layer or gray matter of the brain. One may lose an arm, yet have the sensation of pain in the hand, but if a small piece of that particular part of the brain to which run the sensory nerves from the arm be removed, one will never again feel anything in that arm not even if the hand be placed in the fire.

China and Flowers.

From time immemorial China has been called the Flowery Kingdom, a name given by the Chinese themselves and singularly suited to the land which for ages was like an oasis of flowers of the spirit in the world desert of barbarism. In this oasis grew the arts of the bronze and stone worker, of the silk maker and embroiderer, of the potter, of the painter on silk, of the poet, philosopher and ethical devotee. But China was not named the Flowery Kingdom because of these flowers of the mind. Her flora is one of the most luxuriant in the world. It is estimated to consist of some twelve thousand species, nine thousand of which are known and one-half of which are indigenous and not found elsewhere.

Such being the flora of China, it is readily understood that horticulture and gardening early became a skilled and honored profession.—Scribner's.

The First Quarantine.

From all accounts the custom of quarantine originated in Venice somewhere about the beginning of the twelfth century. All merchants and others coming from the eastern countries were obliged to remain in the house of St. Lazarus for a period of forty days before they were admitted into the city. Taking the idea from Venice, other European cities, especially port towns, instituted quarantine during seasons of plague and well down into modern times most nations adopted the system, applying it when it was deemed necessary.

FOREST FIRE REPORT

Records Show Reduction of One half in Losses as Compared with 1915.

In the face of the fact that Pennsylvania has just passed through the worst forest fire season since 1908, Chief Forest Fire Warden Wirt reports that the average fire burned over just about half as large an area as in 1915, while the number of thousand acre fires is twenty-five per cent under the 1915 record.

The total number of forest fires reported during the 1917 spring fire season is 1,746. The number reported in 1915 was 1,101, and in 1916, 1,013. The average area burned per fire was 157 acres in 1917; in 1915, 306 acres; and in 1916, 152 acres. The fall season for 1917, which is opening favorably, will probably reduce the average for the whole year to less than 140 acres.

The records of the Department of Forestry show that the fire wardens had to contend with unusually difficult weather conditions last spring. Two fires burned in January and seven in February, a very unusual occurrence. During one week in May over a hundred fires were burning every day, the number of fires for this one week being 843, almost half of the total number. The total area burned over was 275,097 acres, the total direct loss was $567,972, and the total cost of extinction was almost $35,000. Indirect losses, such as damage to watersheds and losses to labor, probably amount to several millions of dollars in addition to the direct timber loss.

Of the twelve counties which had over 50 fires each, Schuylkill leads with 108, followed in order by Luzerne with 92, Monroe with 88, Centre with 81, and Dauphin with 72. Of the nine counties which had over 10,000 acres each burned over, Dauphin leads with 20,757 acres, followed by Lycoming with 20,093 acres, Elk with 18,389 acres, Luzerne with 17,622 acres, and Centre with 15,949 acres. Of the nine counties which suffered losses of over $20,000 each, Juniata leads with a total damage of $71,714, followed in order by Lycoming with $57,609, Center with $35,492, Luzerne with $29,458, and Blair with $25765.

One hundred and eighty of the fires burned less than one acre; 1232 burned less than 100 acres; 1658 burned less than 1,000 acres; and only fifty-nine burned over a thousand acres each. The largest single fire burned over 6,200 acres in Juniata county, and caused an estimated loss of $62,570. The second largest fire burned over 5,000 acres in Jefferson township, Dauphin county, but the damage was estimated at only $5,000.

New Postal Rate.

On and after November 2, 1917, the rate of three cents an ounce or fraction thereof on letters and all other first class matter except drop letters will be required.

All drop letters, that is, letters mailed for delivery from the post office at which posted, including those for delivery by city rural or other carrier of such office are required to have postage thereon at the rate of two cents an ounce or fraction thereof. Postal cards are required to be prepaid at the rate of two cents each. The one cent postal cards must have a one cent stamp affixed to them in addition to the one cent stamp impressed on the card.

Postal cards (private mailing cards) bearing written messages must have two cents prepaid on them.

The two cent drop letter rate will apply to all letters mailed at the office to be delivered at the general delivery window, through rented post office boxes, city carrier routes and rural routes. There will be no drop rate on mail matter, except letters.

The public is requested to use two and one cent postage stamps until a sufficient supply of three cent stamps can be printed and forwarded to post offices.

We do all kinds of job work-Give us a trial. Prices reasonable.

THAT BACKACHE SPELLS DANGER!

Action Today May Save Bellefonte People Future Misery.

A bad back isn't a bad thing if it serves as a warning of hidden kidney disorders. Kidney diseases are frightfully common today. We over-do so much. We don't give the kidneys a chance to rest up, and while a bad back, some bladder disorder, an occasional dizzy spell or a persistent headache may be the only outward sign, the kidney trouble that is behind it all may be overlooked or neglected. Put your signs to use. Take them as warnings. Fight off kidney weakness. It takes only a slight kidney disorder to start a case of fatal Bright's disease, from which 100,000 people die in the United States every year. Prompt treatment at first—that's all that's necessary to keep kidney weakness from turning into gravel, dropsy, gout, heart trouble or Bright's. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the oldest, the most widely used, the best-recommended Kidney Pill. Fifty thousand Americans recommend them publicly. Here's one Bellefonte case:

Mrs. B. Holter, Pine St., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills off and on for about two years. Whenever a cold or strain causes a dull, constant ache across the small of my back I use a box of Doan's and get relief. Another of the family has also been benefited by Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mrs. Holter. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

In Honor of Rev. Glanding.

At the last meeting of the Bellefonte Ministerium the following timely and appropriate resolutions were passed with reference to the death of Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, deceased pastor of the Bellefonte Lutheran church:

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, to suddenly remove from our midst the Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, beloved Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and highly respected member of the Bellefonte Ministerium; we, his brother ministers, recognize that in his removal the Association has lost a faithful member, the community a loyal citizen, the Church of his choice a true Shepherd, and the Church at large a sincere Christian leader.

Resolved, that we reverently bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, that we, as an Association, extend sincere sympathy to the bereaved wife and daughter, and to the members of the Lutheran Church in their sorrow and affliction.

Resolved, that these resolutions be recorded on the minutes of the Bellefonte Ministerium and printed in our town papers; also, that a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved wife and daughter.

T. H. MacLeod, President.
W. K. McKinney, Secretary.

Feel languid, weak run down? Had ache? Stomach "off?" A good remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your druggist. Price $1.00

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

DOLLARS SAVED
On all Guaranteed Make Tires
Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.
Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co
206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS
AND END THIS WAR

Let the Kaiser know we have the money as well as the men.

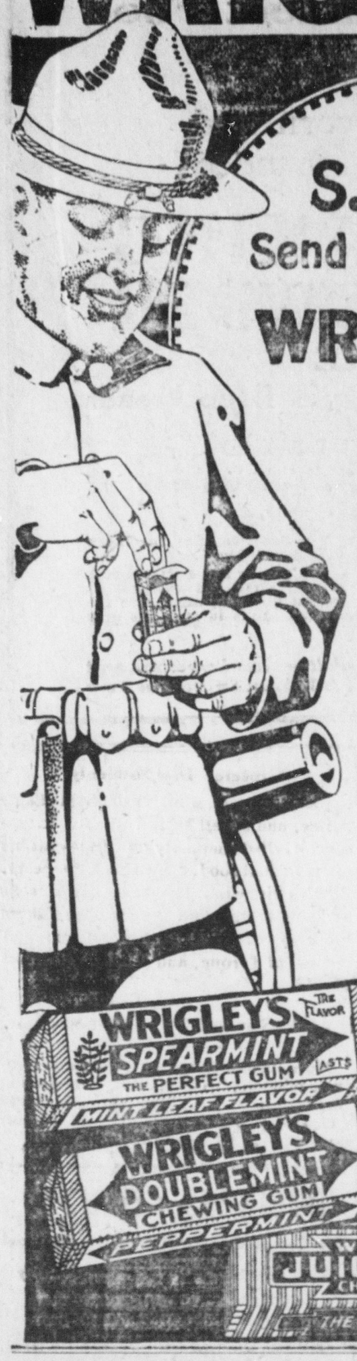
Every piece of real estate in this county is security for these bonds.

Four (4%) per cent semi-annual interest.

We make no charge for our services in purchasing these bonds.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

WRIGLEY'S



S. O. S.
Send Over Some
WRIGLEY'S

Keep your soldier or sailor boy supplied. Give him the lasting refreshment, the protection against thirst, the help to appetite and digestion afforded by Wrigley's.

It's an outstanding feature of the war—"All the British Army is chewing it."

AFTER EVERY MEAL

The Flavor Lasts

733

JUDICIAL SYSTEMS ARE OLD

Men Wrangled Over Rights and Wrongs From Time They Began to Live Together.

The concrete beginning of a systemized judiciary, writes Lewis M. Hosea in Case and Comment, are as old as the tribal relation. Men quarreled about rights and wrongs as soon as they began to live together as a community, and the chief of the tribe, or the "elders," judged between claimants.

Indeed, at the earliest beginnings of recorded history we find in Egypt a judicial system, including a reviewing power and remarkably developed ideas of administrative justice. Judicial officers in their epitaphs rest their claim to immortality upon having judged impartially, never oppressing the weak and humble, and their merciful regard for the fatherless and the widow.

In the Code of Hammurabi of Babylon were embodied many of the essential principles of modern justice which were transmitted to European peoples through the conquests of Alexander and the Romans. These form the primal basis of the Roman civil law of our English ancestors, derived through the early tribes of northern Europe.

Even old Homer (66 B. C.) gives us a suggestive picture of the modern system of court trials, as the Odyssey:

"What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast, and stills the wordy war."

Good Wages Necessary.

Proper remuneration of labor and well-being of the individual must be recognized as elements of sound business management, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The age has passed when the yearly dividend paid to stockholders is accepted by the public as the sole cause for the existence of an industry. Neither are we justified in passing judgment on the quality of industrial administration, or on the practicability of any system of factory operation solely on the basis of whether such administration or system will insure a permanent or increasing degree of financial profit to the owner. We have to consider the human side of all industrial activity, not alone in its relation to the segregated community and the public at large.

Self-Confidence Wins.

Have you ever felt the chagrin of knowing that you have failed in an enterprise, whether this may have been a mere incident of business or an entire career, purely through lack of self-confidence?

Thousands of men have failed in just that way, writes Hugo Masters in Physical Culture.

Self-confidence is a factor in success of such importance that the man with moderate ability, but plenty of confidence, will succeed where the man of far greater ability, coupled with a lack of confidence, will fail. This has been proven probably a few billion times in the history of human affairs.

SHOULD KEEP ON ACHIEVING

Good Work Demands Continuous Improvement in Every Line of Human Activity.

The other day a famous author was telling me how he felt when his first story was accepted. He said that within a few minutes the thought flashed across his mind that he could not stop—but must go on. One good story must be followed by another and another and another—else his reputation would die and he would be humiliated. He said that the feeling was not exactly comfortable—that the prospect was in a way terrible. "Being successful," he said, "is not easy. The successful man advertises to the world that he can do certain things well—and he must go on making good or back off the map. It's a great sensation, a great experience—worth almost anything—but it isn't a snap."

It is the same way in business, says a writer in the American Magazine. The salesman who sets a high mark has to go right out and beat that mark or suffer by comparison with his own record. He can't sit down in a rocking chair and devote the rest of his life to receiving congratulations.

Have you ever sat in a restaurant and compared your job with that of a waiter? Try it some time. No matter what your work is I am sure you will see the point if you watch the waiter and think how exactly his job typifies yours. Take, for example, my job—that of an editor. An editor's job is exactly like that of a waiter. He has to go and get something good and bring it in. And after he has brought it in he has to go right out and get something more and bring that in. The minute he sits down or stops to talk unnecessarily with the guests, he ceases to give as good service as before. Then the guests who praised him a moment ago begin to growl. And so, almost immediately, he has turned from a good servant into a poor one.

This fits any line of human activity. A continuous performance is what is wanted. Nothing else counts.

What Will the Harvest Be?

Few Americans are aware that they live in a country inclosed in a circle of mines and nets, writes Niksnh; yet such is the case. Since the declaration of war the navy department has been sowing the waterways and harbors of the country with means of destruction. In harbors nets designed to catch submarines are the chief reliance, while in rivers the channels are planted with mines.

Mothers and Sons.

"What makes you think all women hate each other?"

"Because a woman so seldom brings up a son fit to be another woman's husband."

Many a man adopts methods to gain his ends which end his gains.—Lippincott's.

An Emergency Call

By Matilda Emerson

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Madge had been at Mercy hospital nearly a month as a probation nurse. It was her first week on duty in the emergency room, helping Miss Paterson write the entry record of each patient as the ambulances brought them in.

"I don't see how you can be so—" she hesitated for a word that would not hurt the feelings of the other nurse—"so used to it all. Seems to me each case is worse than the last one."

"Oh, nearly all of you girls play tunes on your heart strings when you first land here. It just has to be, and you can't help it. Try to look at it in that way. You can't afford to be sorry for them all. It uses up your nerve force."

But she did not get used to it. Not then, nor during the whole six months of her probation. Miss Paterson had taken a fancy to her from the very beginning. She was willing and well educated and all of the doctors liked her. The last two weeks of her probation period she was placed at the emergency desk at night, and it was here she met Mrs. Crosby Latimer.

It was a wild, spring night in early May. There had been a heavy rainstorm, followed by a high wind, blowing in from the sea to the east. Madge had just stepped across the room to close the window as a sudden gust of wind blew a lot of her papers on the floor, when the door was pushed open by a woman. Madge saw at a glance that she was not the sort who sought the shelter of Mercy hospital. While she wore no hat, her long broadcloth cloak was unmistakably correct in its lines, and costly in quality. Her heavy, dark hair was streaked with gray and the wind had loosened it so that it was

"Will You Tell Me Who I Am?"

half tumbling to her shoulders. The pallor of her face was like the hue of a jasmine flower; even her dry lips seemed bloodless as she moistened them nervously, leaning heavily on the little shelf in front of the brass grating at the entry clerk's window. A wave of compassion swept over Madge, as she saw the look of utterly dazed helplessness in her wide, dark eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said, slowly, "but could you tell me who I am? Please, please tell me who I am. I've walked so far and I couldn't find any one I dared to ask. I saw the light from your window. Will you tell me who I am?"

She suddenly burst into a fit of nervous weeping, and bowed her face in her hands. The door leading upstairs swung open, and little Blair, one of the internes, came in, humming.

"I say, Miss Laurence," he began, but Madge motioned him to be quiet.

"Mr. Blair," she cried, pleasantly, "do you think you could take my place for just a few moments? I want to take this lady into the reception room."

Blair gave the stranger "the once over" as he would have expressed it, and murmured, as he took Madge's seat:

"Better land her in the 'dip.'"

But Madge shook her head. This was no case for the dipsomaniac ward, and she knew it. As they stepped into the big white marble hall together the woman put out her hand like a child for Madge to lead her, and she took her upstairs. When she came back, Blair noticed that she seemed excited, but not one thing would she tell him, except that she had placed the woman in care of Miss Gage, and it seemed only a simple case of aphasia. She told him she would report it as soon as Doctor Aikin came in at six o'clock. He was the house doctor on nervous diseases.

Just as soon as she was alone she lifted the receiver from the phone.

"River, 794. Hello, hello. I want to speak with Mr. Latimer, please." Then after a pause, "Is this Mr. Stanley Latimer? This is Mercy hospital. No, I'm only the night nurse in the emergency room. Mr. Latimer, your mother has just wandered in here. She had lost her way, and her memory. No, she is not hurt. I found your name in her handbag on a letter. You will come at once? Yes, I think that is best. What? Oh, I have the letter; there will be no publicity."

About twenty minutes later a limousine passed under the red brick arch and Stanley Latimer jumped out. He did not mince words at all; but Madge caught the relief in his eyes and voice when he saw her.

"I am sure, Miss Laurence," he said as they went upstairs together, "that I need not tell you how grateful I am to you for sensing the whole emergency in this case. My mother has not been herself for several days. I have been out of the city on duty with the National Guard, and she made some very ill-advised investments without my consent. I blame her broker far more than I do her, but between them they lost thousands of dollars, and I'm afraid I might have been rather harsh with her when I found it out."

Madge looked at him gravely.

"Perhaps you did not realize that she was in a very low state of health. We have only made a slight examination. There seems to be some organic heart trouble. Don't you think there are some things more important than the mere loss of thousands of dollars, Mr. Latimer?"

Perhaps this was why, when he took his mother away that night, Latimer carried with him a vivid memory. No woman had ever said anything to him like that before. The following day the superintendent called her to his office.

"We're very sorry to lose you, Miss Laurence," he said, "but it appears there was an emergency case last night which was not entered properly or reported to Doctor Aikin. In fact you took it upon yourself both to admit the patient and to discharge her. You will leave the staff at the expiration of your probation period."

She went back to her desk, somewhat dazed, but still she felt that she had done exactly the right thing. The telephone rang about five that afternoon. It was Mrs. Latimer's voice—eager and pitifully anxious. It sounded—begging her to come at once and act as special companion at any price she might see fit to ask. She was leaving with her son for an extended trip by automobile through the mountains, and he joined her in the hope that Miss Laurence might be able to join them.

It was several weeks later at a little mountain inn in the Adirondacks. Madge had just returned from her daily hike, and Stanley joined her as she stood on the wide veranda overlooking the sweep of forest. She did not meet his eyes. Somehow she felt as though she could not trust herself while she told him the determination she had come to that afternoon. She wanted to give up the case, she said, and go back to hospital duty. She loved Mrs. Latimer, but she felt she must go.

"But why?" he insisted. "Oh, you needn't answer. Do you consider my making love to you an insult? Why not let me go away instead, if it is that? Haven't I asked you to marry me, and you've had the pleasure of refusing me several times?"

Tears filled her eyes in sudden anger.

"Oh, I think you're horrid. Do you think I care anything about your money? You treat me exactly as though—as though you were sure I couldn't help but say yes, because you are such a prize in the matrimonial market."

He laughed.

"Dear, you're all wrong. I find that mother's little coup in Wall street cleaned us out, instead of just sinking a few thousand. I'm going back to work on a salary in my uncle's office. Don't you want to try to teach me how to live on it properly? Make me your last emergency case."

Madge did not even answer as she smiled up at him. Somehow she felt glad that her days of probation were really ended.

Over the Fence.

I have noticed that any fence gives a feeling of protection to the speaker who talks over it, prompting him to frankness which he would not venture without that slight barrier, much as a child outside the lion's cage addressed it with bravado. Especially is this true in respect to the close back fence over which only the elevated passer-by can spy the worker in the garden. With horseback riders, truckwomen, expressmen, farmers on hayracks, and bespurred linemen—those the Welsh call "ffolks,"—I am on terms of familiarity which is never abused when we meet in other localities. A fat vegetable woman stopped her horse and wagon one day to look over the fence. Me she acknowledged with a smile and a murmur about the pretty garden. Then, lifting her voice, "I have great respect for you, great respect!" Eager to rise to the situation I begged her to come in sometime and see the garden. "I will do that."—Lucy E. Keeler, in the Atlantic.

How to Save the Mothers.

According to a circular issued by the children's bureau of the United States department of labor there are annually about 15,000 deaths from maternal causes in the United States, and available statistics show no decrease in maternal mortality since 1900. The Medical Record comments that "these 15,000 deaths are but a rough indication of preventable illness and suffering among mothers." And it calls attention to Dr. Grace L. Meigs' suggestion that centers of maternal and infant welfare be started in every county.

WED, COURT LATER

Armenians Choose Girl First, Take Chance on Love.

American Principal of School in Turkey Receives Letter Requesting Any One of Three.

Armenian marriages are always arranged, the question of love not entering, writes Hester Donaldson Jenkins in World Outlook. I remember when the principal of an American school said to one of her teachers who was contemplating matrimony: "I hate to have you go, but I should not mind so much if you loved him," that the Armenian drew herself up indignantly; she would not be so unmaidenly as to love a man before marriage.

An Armenian man generally picks out his own wife, one whom he has seen and approved. But he does not court her; instead he goes to her parents and makes very careful inquiries as to her health, disposition and housewifery, after which he bargains keenly for her dot. Without a dot an Armenian girl may scarcely marry.

The American principal of a school for Armenian girls in Turkey received a great many applications for wives from the Armenian men of the neighborhood. Once she received a letter which read something like this:

"Your Nobleness.

"Mademoiselle: I wish to marry one of the girls in your school. Will you get me little Aznif, her of the curly braids and strong eyebrows? Or if you cannot obtain her for me, then I will take Marian, with the big, black eyes and the shining teeth; or if I cannot have her, I wish Zarroohee, with the straight features and white skin. But do not offer me any other, for I love only these three."

In the same school occurred the unique experience of Schnorrig. Dikran had come to her father and bargained for her. When she was told of her impending marriage she was sulky and sad, for she had read English books and did not wish to be sold to a husband like a bale of rugs. But she left school and let her mother prepare her trousseau. At the formal betrothal she and Dikan met for the first time. When the priest put the question whether she was willing to be betrothed to this man she shocked all the relatives assembled in festive array by a bold "No."

The priest argued with her, and the irate father would probably have forced her by pushing her head forward had not Dikan declared that he liked her spirit and would not have her forced to take him. So the party broke up in tears and lamentations. But the two young people met each other a good deal that winter, naturally taking an interest in each other, so the story ends with a happy marriage after a real American courtship.

Why Swagger Sticks Are Used.

The use of "swagger stick," much in evidence lately among the boys in khaki, has been misunderstood in the United States. In Canada recruits at any time during the last three years have, in certain stages of their training, almost invariably carried these little canes when off duty, not through affection or vanity, but simply because the use of them prevented the young soldiers from slipping their right hands into their trousers pockets. The finished soldier would not think of putting his hand in his pockets, but the soldier in the making is likely, unless constantly on his guard, to be guilty of this breach of the rules. The Canadian youths who jauntily and gayly swung swagger sticks at Valcartier, Quebec and Aldershot, Nova Scotia, even one short year ago, have since become the heroes of Vimy Ridge and Hill No. 70.

Prize Fighters Needed, Too.

"I suppose you're very anxious to become a soldier and fight for your country?" said a physician to a robust young man who came before him for examination. "You look good and I'll pass you. Do you claim exemption?"

"Well, I should say I do," replied the robust young man, in an injured tone. "I wouldn't make a good fighter; I'm sick, I am."

"You're sick?" inquired the physician. "You surprise me. What's the trouble?"

"I'm nervous, doctor," replied the young man.

"You're nervous? What's your occupation?"

"I'm a prizefighter."

"Well, go over and win a few prizes knocking out the enemy and I think your nervousness will wear off. Passed."

Open-Air Schools.

Quite the popular fad in the East is the outdoor school, especially for the very young children. These schools are generally on the porches of the houses where they are held and are thus partly protected, and at the same time get plenty of fresh air. Miss Aimee Harvey, formerly of St. Louis, who spent a year at the Montessori school in Rome a few years ago, has charge of such a school at Lexington, Mass., for the winter, having also taught a summer class out of doors.

Baffled.

"Mr. Dubwaite talks in his sleep and it is causing Mrs. Dubwaite great concern."

"That shows she's a true woman."

"Exactly what I was telling Dubwaite. She's probably worried because she can't understand what he says."

DENVER MONKEY A HUGGER

Simian Causes Sensation When He Boldly Embraces Young Woman Passing Along Street.

The lovable monkey is loose. When he swung from the low branches of a tree at Twelfth avenue and Detroit street and threw his arms about the neck of a young woman pedestrian there was a lot of commotion, says the Denver Post. Aside from breaking the spooning laws, the monkey shouldn't have chosen broad daylight. A scream from the young woman brought residents to their doors. They saw her running in one direction and the monkey in another. It was difficult for them to ascertain which was the more frightened—the young woman or the lovable monkey.

Patrolmen from the Capitol Hill station have been pursuing the lovable monk all over the Montclair district. Where the monkey came from is a question. The zoo keeper at City park says all his monkeys are "just where they should be"; that none of them would be ungentlemanly enough to leave home and try to hug pedestrians.

Residents of the Montclair district have joined in the hunt. A tree-to-tree search is being made by the posse, including an examination of the nursery at Eighth avenue and Clayton street, where the affectionate simian was last sighted. The monkey sought temporary haven on the front porch of G. A. Clason's home, at 945 Detroit street, but when an attempt was made to capture him he curled up his tail and departed suddenly.

In addition to the frightened woman pedestrian, the monkey was seen hugging several trees. Just now he is hugging some secluded spot. Residents hope he is apprehended, as they do not want to be monkeyed with any more.

Call British Tanks "Willies."

During the summer of 1916 an enemy agent, trying to tap the wires in England might have been mystified to pick up such messages as: "Twelve Willies reach you today," or "Send tails for six females," writes Col. E. D. Swinton in the World's Work. "Willie," a pet cognomen adopted as suitable for the telephone and obviating the use of a code for telegrams, was suggested by the fact that the first experimental "Landship" completed, though equally malevolent, was smaller and less powerful for evil than its immediate successor, eventually the type adopted. When the two creatures were together they gave the ludicrous impression of being child and parent of a monstrous and evil brood. Hence, naturally, "Little Willie" and "Big Willie." The "Big Willies" were also somewhat unbiologically classified as males and females, according to their armament. Incidentally, to help to conceal the destination of the tanks at the stage when any illusion as to their purpose was precluded, they were painted with the inscription, "With Care. To Petrograd," in large Russian characters.

England's Need.

Howard E. Coffin, who is standardizing the American airplane, said to a correspondent:

"Standardization is the modern efficiency method. The Germans have standardized their submarine. England is a great country, a brave country, an unconquerable country, but England needs standardization.

"When an Englishman wants to say that a check is 'for deposit only' he doesn't write that on it. No, that isn't the English way. He writes '& Co.'

"A Cambridge professor once explained to me some of the terms used at the great English university.

"He said 'full term' means three-quarters of a term. 'May week' is the first two weeks in June. 'General admission day' is the day everybody leaves. An 'ordinary degree' is one obtained by a special examination, and an 'arts inspector' is an arts students."

Long Flights of Birds.

A thrush was caught at Southport recently with a ring on its leg marked, "Inform Witherby. High Holborn, London." Mr. H. E. Witherby, who is the editor of British Birds, has, since 1910, had 75,000 birds so marked in the hope of learning something about their travels. A swallow ringed in Lancashire was found seven months later at Grahamstown, South Africa, 6,000 miles away. A "lesser black backed gull," ringed at the Farne islands, off Northumberland, was found eight months later at St. Louis, Senegal, and a blackbird, ringed at London, was found in Moscow a few weeks afterwards. It would seem that birds are greater travelers than most of us imagine.—Exchange.

What Women Did in Civil War.

Women all over the United States formed societies and made bandages and comforts of various kinds for the soldiers, but their work, too, lacked the direction and uniformity which are necessary for prompt and effective assistance. In the Civil war, country women were especially generous in contributing time and labor to the cause of helping the sick and wounded. In many instances the men were not given enough green food, and farmers contributed potatoes and fresh vegetables in large quantities, which frequently saved a camp from scurvy and other diseases.—Farm and Fireside.

History Repeats.

"The penalties for poaching used to be very severe."

"Yes. And we're drifting around to those times again. As values are going I shouldn't be surprised to see stealing a watermelon or a chicken classed as grand larceny."

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 18, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

— Advertising Rates. —

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One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

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The only thing that has not advanced in price is wind.

The frost brings down the chestnuts and the speculator puts them up.

Buy a Liberty Bond and help Uncle Sam's boys, who are your boys, at the front.

Federal experts, food conservative lecturers, etc. advise that we get around the high cost of meat by eating more fish. Sounds reasonable until you look up the price of fish.

We are told over and over not to worry about the price of coal, that it will come down in price and with enough to provide for everybody. Sounds good, doesn't it? But you can't burn sound. Coal is at the top notch figure and mighty scarce at that, promises, predictions and other tommyrot to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The government has ordered paper mills to sell news print paper to the government for 2½ cents per pound. The Republican has to pay the mills just about twice that figure. If the mills cannot afford to sell at 2½ cents to the government then the government is wrong in ordering them to do so. If the mills can afford to sell to the government at that rate and still make a profit it stands to reason that they can afford to give the same rate to others and the government is wrong in not ordering them to do it. The burden is not only placed upon those least able to bear it, but the whole matter is wrong in principle and it is not to the credit of the government that it permits such a condition to exist.

COUNCIL MEETING

State Centre Electric Co. Authorized to Shut Off Water on Delinquents.

Bellefonte Borough Council convened Monday evening and there was a little more "pep" manifested than usually. Some of the Councilmen went there with the purpose of doing something. In other words, they began hewing to the line and letting the chips fly where they will. Hard Harris, chairman of the Street committee, reported having repaired east High street from the jail to the Borough line. He also stated that Norman Wright, borough engineer, had given Mrs. Sarah Kelley, John P. Harris and others grades to lay pavements along their several properties in the borough, also gave Mike Hazel a grade for his wall in front of his house on Pine street. He made it known that the managers of the State Highway are getting ready for other bids for paving Water and Willowbank streets from the High street bridge to the borough line, but nothing would be done until next spring. A State road man from the department at Harrisburg was here recently looking over the dilapidated bridge on Willowbank street, over Logan Branch. Just as soon as possible a twenty-foot bridge will be erected. It is badly needed and should receive attention at once. Mr. Harris was given permission to lay pavements on Logan street at properties belonging to Vince Bauer and Julia Kelley. S. D. Gettig has charge of the former and W. G. Runkle the latter. These pavements have been in bad condition for sometime and as the owners have paid no attention to notice given them to make these repairs, the borough will make the pavements, charging the cost up to the property with twenty percent added. The same is true along the Brandt House on Allegheny from Bishop street to Logan street. The Brown brothers, who own the property, have given no attention to notices to make these repairs. Contractor George Rhoads will do the work.

W. A. Lyon, chairman of the Special Committee, offered the following resolution which started the ball rolling and almost caused President Walker to put a niche in his gavel from pounding. The Councilmen were not out of order but they all wanted to talk at one time which resulted in confusion of tongues.

"Resolved by Town Council that the State-Centre Electric Co. water rent collectors, be authorized and directed to proceed to turn off the water supply of all consumers of water from the borough supply who are now delinquent in water rents to April 1st, 1917, after ten days' notice of such proposed action to said delinquents."

Mr. Seibert objected to this because it was giving the electric company too much power and that the delinquent list was not in shape to take such radical action. Councilman Brockerhoff said that the State-Centre Co. had put up a bond to collect the rent and they had come to the point where the Council should pass the resolution or release the company from the contract. Mr. Harris commented on it, saying there was $1700 outstanding water rents for this year and instead of the Council going to bank to borrow money they should collect it. It was unfair to put the burden of taxation on the few who were willing to pay their taxes. Money is needed to run the borough and charging it up each year to the properties was not helping Council to pay its bills and would eventually get it in a hole. The only thing to do was to pass the resolution and let the consequence be what it may. The resolution was finally passed with the provision that the State-Centre Co. submit a list of consumers to Council whom they have notified and Council will take the responsibility of saying who shall be subject to the notice. The State-Centre Co. will then only be held for those persons who have not been stricken off the list. This may facilitate the collection of taxes. However, Council will carefully scrutinize the list and see that every one gets their just dues.

Mr. Harris further stated that religious cranks had been running around town begging money, and if the ladies of the homes refused them they became very insulting. He wanted the Council to give Burgess Blanchard power to use the police to keep them from entering the town. This was ordered done. Dr. Brockerhoff, chairman of the Finance committe, asked for the renewal of two notes for six months, one for $1000 and another for $630, with the interest of $25.00 and $15.75.

RAISE FIVE VICE PRESIDENTS

Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur and Roosevelt Succeeded on Death of the President.

Five vice presidents of the United States have on the death of the president succeeded to the higher office. The first president to die while in office was William Henry Harrison, grandfather of Benjamin Harrison of Indiana. His death occurred April 4, 1841, just one month after his inauguration. The vice president, John Tyler, then at his country home in Virginia, was officially notified of the event and on reaching Washington, at once took the oath of office as president.

As this was the first case of the kind there was much discussion for a time in and out of congress as to Tyler's proper title—that is, whether he was "vice president of the United States acting as president" or president. It was finally conceded on all sides that the language of the Constitution is clear that on the death of the president in office the vice president becomes, in name as in fact, president. The framers of the Constitution did not leave the door open for trouble that might arise regarding the legality of acts done by an "acting president."

On the death of President Zachary Taylor, July 9, 1850, Vice President Millard Fillmore succeeded to the presidency and was at a later date an unsuccessful candidate for election to the office. Andrew Johnson, the third vice president to succeed to the higher office, took the oath April 15, 1865, the day after the assassination of President Lincoln. President Garfield was shot July 2, 1881, died the following September 19, and was immediately succeeded by Vice President Chester A. Arthur. Vice President Roosevelt succeeded President McKinley, who died September 14, 1901, and was the only one of five vice presidents thus succeeding to the office who was subsequently elected to it.

SING TO SETTLE QUARRELS

Eskimos Have Peculiar Manner of Adjusting Their Grievances—Enemy Must Listen.

The Eskimos, who live in the icebound, barren Northland, have a way of settling quarrels which seems very strange and amusing to those who live in a land of policemen and courts of justice. There, when quarrels arise, the man who has a grievance writes a song in which he tells the wrongs that have been done him. When this has been composed to his satisfaction, he invites his enemy to come and hear him sing it. This the enemy must do, and he brings with him all his relatives and many of his friends, while the singer also has gathered his friends and relatives for the occasion, which is considered something of a general entertainment by the people of the village in which the men live.

Then, while other men of the village pound madly on huge drums, the song of wrongs is begun. When it is finished, if the audience expresses approval, the singer is considered to have won and to have a just cause of complaint. But if dissatisfaction is expressed, that is considered sufficient punishment. After the song everyone dances and the party breaks up in great good humor.

Bossy Lacks 'Preciation.

Stephen called to see the new Jersey calf, so he was taken out to the pasture where it was. The week-old calf was at one end of the lot looking through the bars, while the mother, old Bess, was as far the opposite side as she could get, gazing into space. After waiting some time for a display of affection between mother and daughter Stephen looked up with a puzzled expression and said: "What's the matter with that cow, uncle? Don't she 'preciate that calf?"

EULOGIZES THE WRONG DOG

Eloquence of Tactful Attorney Credited to Newspaper Story and He Loses His Case.

An old man was arrested for beating his wife. Application was made to have him put under a peace bond. Thinking the case too small for him to bother with, relates Case and Comment, the county attorney asked Judge Albert D. Norton, then a young lawyer, to appear for the state at the trial. An attorney from Macon—a man who had quite a reputation as a "pleader"—went over to defend the old man. Curled in front of the defendant was a yellow dog. Vest's "Eulogy of the Dog" had recently appeared in some paper. It was not nearly so familiar then as it has since become. When the orator from Macon saw the yellow dog at the old man's feet he recalled Senator Vest's speech, and was alive to the opportunity for an effective appeal to the jury.

"Gentlemen," and he indicated the mongrel, "when all other friends desert the dog remains. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes, and when death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will be the noble dog he found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death!"

So well was it delivered some of the jurymen cried. All looked toward the aged defendant sympathetically. It is said that even the dog's eyes were moist. It was pretty clear the defendant's lawyer had things coming his way; but Norton had the windup, and during the noon recess he hunted up a paper which had the dog speech in it. This he produced and read to the jury in the afternoon, word for word as opposing counsel recited, and which the jury thought was original.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury," said Norton, "Senator Vest was talking about another dog altogether. He never heard of this yellow cur!"

The jury found the defendant guilty.

CAT HELPS FIND THE LEAK

Ingenius Plumber Demonstrates Feline, With Aid of Catnip, Is Worth Having Around.

"There are more ways than one to kill a cat," says an old proverb, and "there are more ways than one to use a cat," is the new reading. Here is an illustration:

A plumber was called upon to locate a supposed leak in a ten-story tenement house. After a day's cogitation and sundry profitless soundings and sniffings, he finally hit upon a plan. He went to a drug store and bought 10 cents' worth of fluid extract of valerian—commonly called catnip. Then he took the elevator to the top floor and poured the valerian diluted with water down the drain. Half an hour later he took a cat and visited each floor in turn.

The cat exhibited no interest until a room in the seventh story was reached. Then, with a bound, it sprang from the plumber's arms and began to paw the wall, mewing loudly. A hole was made in the wall, and there, sure enough, was the leak.

That plumber deserves to make a fortune from his ingenuity.

The Duty of Parents.

What better legacy can parents leave their children than to teach them that success and prosperity are surer if they begin by doing everything well; by being so careful and exact in the performance of every duty, and making themselves so useful that their friends or employers "cannot do without them;" and that when success begins to crown their efforts they will "be happier and no poorer" if they use some proportion of their wealth in aiding those less fortunate? Let parents and employers, both by example and precept, teach their children and their employees to be industrious, faithful, economical and scrupulously honest, and the daily papers will not send through our community so many records of crime and immorality.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

The Simple Breakfast.

Over, under and through all eating, the simple breakfast still stands supreme, declares A. J. R., in the Minneapolis Journal. A glass of water, a cereal or wheat biscuit with cream in abundance and a peach from Colorado sliced in, two slices of bacon not so crisp that they break, two slices of home-made bread comfortably toasted, a cup of coffee poured upon the cream and sugar and stopped at exactly the right color, two of mother's doughnuts and, as you leave the table with a sigh of relief, if it be possible to get the hooks on one of baby's bits of chocolate candy for a topper, no great harm is done. With that breakfast, one may leave the house feeling that he is fortified until the noon hour rolls around again.

Why Look After Daddy?

Mary was going downtown with her father, and mother, after dressing her, gave a few instructions on how to behave. She ended with, "And, Mary dear, always hold daddy's hand when you are crossing the road." Mary looked up innocently. "Why, mamma," she said, "can't he take care of himself?"

The United States Government Food Administrator Says:

"Baking Powder Breads of corn and other coarse flours are recommended"

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes delicious muffins, cakes and coarse flour breads

CORN MEAL MUFFINS

¾ cup corn meal
1¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Mix thoroughly dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven about 20 minutes.

NUT BREAD

3 cups graham flour
5 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ cups milk and water
¼ cup sugar or corn syrup
1 cup chopped nuts (not too fine) or 1 cup raisins, washed and floured

Mix together flour, baking powder and salt; add milk and water, sugar or corn syrup and nutmeats or raisins. Put into greased loaf pan, allow to stand 30 minutes in warm place. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Our red, white and blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes" containing additional similar recipes, sent free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Company, Dept. H, 135 William Street, New York

Didn't Get Home Until Morning.

Last Saturday Our Boys Band, of Milesburg, went to Lewistown where they gave the citizens some first-class music. The boys had a nice trip and early in the evening started for home, traveling in a large bus. Somewhere in the neighborhood of Reedsville the bus driver got onto the wrong road and by the time the error was discovered the band boys were close to the outskirts of Huntingdon instead of Milesburg. They had to make the return trip from Huntingdon and it was after one o'clock in the morning when they finally landed home.

George Walk Dead.

George Walk, a farmer residing near Port Matilda, died at the Altoona hospital at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning of typhoid fever. He was admitted to the institution on September 20th. He was born February 20th, 1862, the son of George and Mary A. Walk. Surviving are his wife and several children.

Saturday Headmaster James R. Hughes, of the Bellefonte Academy, will take his "crack" football team to Johnstown where on Saturday afternoon they will meet the Indiana Normal School team on the gridiron. Both teams are evenly matched and a good game is expected.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	40
Eggs	42

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.80
Oats	60
Rye	1.50

Installs Officers.

W. H. Austin, of Blanchard, District Deputy Grand Master of Northern Central counties, comprising lodges at Blanchard Port Matilda, Stormstown, Hublersburg, Snow Shoe and Philipsburg, very ably installed the officers of Mangnolia Lodge, No. 602, I. O. O. F., of Philipsburg, on Friday evening, assisted by Past District Grand Master, T. L. Crust, acting as G. M.; M. R. Adams, G. W.; Harry F. Crago, G. T.; Samuel Parsons, G. S.; T. G. Dunkle, G. C., and Morris Kaplin, G. G.

"Bud" Morris Now in France.

The patrons of the Scenic were surprised Tuesday night to see a picture of "Bud" Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Morris, of Bellefonte, who is a member of the flying squad now in France. He was standing by his machine and looked quite contented. He has been taking lessons as to the general build of a flying machine and is now considered one of the most expert operators on the field. He has his own machine and makes frequent flights through the air.

The members of the Bellefonte Board of Trade and the Bellefonte Council should let nothing stand in the way of attending a joint meeting at the Elk's Home tomorrow (Friday) evening to make arrangements for the proper observance of Liberty Loan Day on the 24th.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

Inspector Dies Suddenly.

John W. Lego, a native of Bald Eagle valley, and a well known P. R. R. inspector, died suddenly on Friday at his home in Bellwood, aged about 59 years. Besides his wife, he leaves three sons and a daughter, and one sister and three brothers, viz: Miss Emma, Martin and Henry, of Tyrone, and William, of Port Matilda.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic, is well recommended. $1.00 at all stores.

BUSINESS CHANCES

We Establish Cut Rate Tire Agencies

There should be one in each locality

30x3 Non Skids $6.80
30x3 1-2 Non Skids $8.60

Small capital required. Profits are large. For full particulars address

Popular Tire and Rubber Co.
2658 Broadway, New York City

Here's Your Chance You Can Live in a New Up-to-Date Home

By moving to Clearfield

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to

Clearfield Textile Co.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

These are economical days and thus the Ford car becomes a more intense necessity than ever before, because by reason of its universal service it has become a large part in the "business of living," besides, it takes less money for operation and maintenance than any other motor car. That this is not an idle boast is proven by the fact that there are more than two million Fords in daily service. More conclusive evidence of your need of a Ford car could not be given. Here it is, a daily necessity that is a daily economy. A variety of bodies to meet the variety of demand—from the "snappy" Runabout to the de luxe Sedan—buy when you can get delivery for production is behind the demand all the time.

DELIVERY IN 1 TO 2 WEEKS

Buy your car now now, when 1 to 2 weeks delivery is possible on all models except closed jobs. Later on, lack of material and other abnormal conditions may bring a recurrence of long delay in obtaining cars. Buy now--immediately--and insure yourself against tedious and perhaps expensive waiting at a time when you will want the car and cannot get it. Recently the price has increased on enclosed jobs but the prices on other models remain the same for the present.

Your order will be given prompt attention and efficient "after service" which means experienced workmen, Ford-made materials and regular Ford prices.

Runabout $345; Touring Car $360; Coupelet $560; Town Car $645 Sedan $695; One-Ton Truck Chassis $600. These prices f. o. b. Detroit

BEATTY MOTOR CO., Bellefonte, Pa.

Rear Crider's Exchange — Both Phones

OVER 2100000 FORDS IN USE

...ondence

...ove Mills.

...as taken to the Belle-
Friday and was opera-
appendicitis and gall
...al days her condition
...uite critical, but now
be getting along very

...very energetic farmers
...corn cribbed by the end

Ralph Musser were Sun-
...he Samuel M. Hess home

...is manipulating the wheel
...r. Its a dandy.

...Williams, a loyal Sunday
, took dinner Sunday with
J. H. Neidigh.

...e Lutts is a very sick lady,
...n heart trouble.

From, who suffered a bad
, is now so very near to the
that her family have been
...o her bedside.

...n Fortney and daughter,
...e up from Boalsburg to visit
...aley, who is not improving

...nover and B. F. Davis, lum-
of Huntingdon, registered
the St. Elmo.

...rouse and wife spent Sunday
...ister, Mrs. Mary Lykens, at
The latter is fast in bed, suffer-
...a loosened kidney.

...Stover, of Pittsburg, visited his
...ad friends hereabouts last week.

...nuel Martin, of State College,
L. V. Barber will exchange
his coming Sunday. The former
...upy the pulpit in the Presbyterian
...here at 7.30 P. M.

...Krumrine is now snugly located
...ale building and ready for busi-
Funeral director, painter and
...anger.

...nd Mrs. Ed. Martz are now
...eeping in the J. F. Meyers prop-
...n Main Street.

...and Mrs. John Wertz, of Houser-
were over-Sunday visitors at the C.
...rostel home at White Hall.

H. Tussey, the popular drover,
...ht a mixed car load of stock for the
...rn market to be shipped today.

H. Sunday is steering a brand, new
...rland car, bought through the
...rge Emerick agency.

Mrs. Fleck, wife of Rev. N. L. Fleck, this place, was taken to Williamsport Thursday to Dr. Koser's private ...itarium to undergo an operation on ...r eyelids. A message says that she is ...tting along very nicely and that her ...esight may be restored.

After the regular exercises at Tussey Council, No. 515, this coming Saturday ...ening a lay-out will be the order, fol-...wed by a smoker. A full attendance ...f the members is desired.

Miss Katherine Roush is visiting friends in the Mountain City this week and next.

Fred Williams last week flitted to Tyrone where he will act as dairyman for J. B. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dale motored to Howard where they spent Sunday at the J. M. Pletcher home. They were royally welcomed and partook of a delicious dinner.

Grandmother Mary Harper closed her home on East Main Street and will take rooms with her son, George, on West College Avenue for the winter.

Friday, October 19th, at 7.30 P. M., Washington Grange No. 157 will have open doors and county agent R. H. Olmstead and Dean Watts, of State College, will be the principal speakers. The Citizens band will furnish music. Everybody welcome.

E. S. Erb, D. D. G. M., and his suite, last Saturday evening installed the newly elected officers of Penns valley Lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., as follows:—

C. M. Ross, N. G.
W. H. Glenn, V. G.
E. C. Musser, Treasurer.
D. S. Peterson, Financial Secretary.
Ray Albert, Corresponding Secretary.
Dr. R. M. Krebs, Chaplain.
W. H. Fry, Warden.
J. H. Bailey, Commander.

The exercises were followed by a splendid feast and smoker. A. H. Hartswick, H. E. Woomer, C. M. Musser, George Glenn, David Ewing and James Hubler were within our gates.

Saturday evening, the 27th, the ladies of the Lutheran church will hold a Hallowe'en sociable in Odd Fellows Hall for the benefit of the church. Ice cream, cake and other delicacies of theseason will be served. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody to come and help in a worthy cause. Those who attend will surely have a good time.

Boalsburg.

Miss Rosalie McCormick spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Hublersburg.

J. W. McWilliams and daughters, Sara and Nan, of Rock Springs, spent Sunday afternoon at the home of John Jacobs.

Mrs. William Goheen and daughter were week end visitors in Altoona.

The following people from Huntingdon spent Sunday at the L. E. Kidder home. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Miller and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnson and Mr. John M. Miller.

John Gregg, a student of State College spent Sunday at the home of his uncle, Newton Yarnell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gettig, of Altoona, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meyer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fry, of Philadelphia, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Kaup.

Mrs. Bliss Meyer and daughter, Elizabeth, returned to their home in Virginia on Saturday after spending some time with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross.

Mrs. John Traxler and son, of Bettendoe, Iowa, came to the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reitz, on Monday where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Anna Rine and daughter, Mrs. G. N. Fisher, spent Thursday of last week in Bellefonte.

Mrs. A. L. Baker, of Osceola, Tioga County, joined her husband at the home of their daughter, Mrs. J. W. Keller, where they will spend some time.

Mrs. F. W. Weber spent several days recently with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Ross at Pine Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart and daughters and Mrs. Emma Stuart and William Meyer spent Friday at Sandy Ridge.

Miss Mary Kidder was a Bellefonte visitor on Saturday.

Centre Mills.

Mr. Hoy and family, of Pine Hall; William Homan and Mr. Detro and family, of Centre Hall, visited the Adam Reish home on Sunday. Also Paul Hackman's family, east of Smullton.

Henry Sweely visited relatives in Nittany valley last week.

Arthur Cummings and family visited at Sunbury over Sunday. They were accompanied as far as Mifflinburg by Mrs. William Hackman.

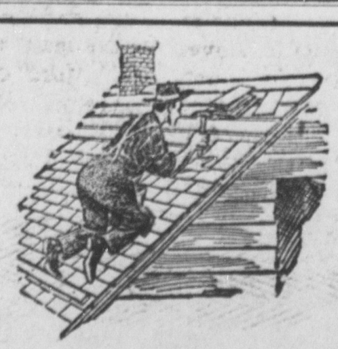
William Krebs and family visited relatives at Selinsgrove over Sunday.

Prof. Godshall and family, of Spring Mills, attended service at the Smullton M. E. church on Sunday and took supper at the J. A. Kline home.

Miss Vonada, of Spring Mills, visited her friend, Mary Best on Sunday.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation,—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulets (30c per box) act mildly on the liver and bowels. At all drug stores.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

TRICKS THAT KILL

Germans Use Barbarous Schemes to Harm Enemy.

Baits Left In Evacuated Positions Prove Disastrous to Tommy, Who Would Investigate.

"The game of baiting the other fellow which the German soldiers really taught the allied troops is still in vogue on the western front at the present time," said a wounded Canadian officer who was telling some friends about the tricks which men play on one another in trench warfare.

"'Don't fool with the enemies' evacuated positions, especially the dugouts, until you have experimented with wine bottles, jewelry, pictures and other trinkets at a respectable distance,' is the first order given to advance parties. When the Germans drew back to the Hindenburg line in France they plundered and carried off all kinds of loot. Now the finest place for a crowd of Tommies or pollus to capture is one of the dugouts recently inhabited by German officers.

"Perhaps Tommy spots a pile of jewelry on an innocent appearing table. Well, let Tommy rush to grab it and in a second the place is blown to atoms and all hands have gone 'blighty' for having grabbed the bait. This game of connecting fuses with gold chains, wine bottles and portraits has been costing bombing squads a large toll in losses. The coveted goods are so fixed by the Germans that when Tommy and the gang have pounced upon them they touch off the detonator of an infernal machine."

The Canadian told how 12 men who had entered a dugout in the German trenches formerly occupied by some officers had their eyes on several oil paintings. The non-commissioned officer who was with them, having witnessed the annihilation of men who had been caught by the bait in other cases, ordered the men out of the place and then fired a shot at one of the paintings. In response to the shot there followed an explosion which demolished the dugout.

The allied troops are daily being taught to keep their hands off all likely souvenirs when they occupy new positions. Even the business of searching wounded prisoners is being conducted in a gingerly manner by Tommy. The game of tricking the other fellow has been a very serious matter on the western front, according to this officer, chiefly because the German soldier does not hesitate at the most atrocious and barbarous of schemes to work harm to the enemy. On certain occasions German soldiers have feigned to be wounded and while men swept past them have been guilty of sniping.

The Eiffel Tower.

The Eiffel tower is just twenty-eight years old, having been erected for the Paris exposition of 1889. Although it was denounced as ugly, for the same reason as a skeleton, because it is unusual, its rigid lines are really graceful. It has outlived its popularity as a pleasure resort, although it offers a wonderful panorama of Paris, but it serves a far more important international service as perhaps the most important wireless station in Europe, for it is in direct communication with Canada, 2,500 miles off. Its mass of 8,000 tons of iron is 984 feet high, or, if its lightning protection be added, just over 1,000 feet, which is five times the height of the monument on Fish Street hill. In England William Holland's enterprise in imitation of it, the Blackpool tower, still flourishes, but Sir Edward Watkins' scheme, the Wembly tower, had the fate of the Tower of Babel, and the uncompleted fragment, which was for years a landmark on the G. C. R., has long been swept away.—London Globe.

Plans Historical Park.

Pennsylvania plans a park to commemorate the site at Taylorsville where Washington and his Continentals embarked on their trip across the Delaware to capture the Hessians at Trenton, writes a correspondent, and Governor Brumbaugh recently signed a bill appropriating $25,000 for the purchase of the land at the place of embarkation.

The Pennsylvania Historical society and the Daughters of the Revolution of Pennsylvania four years ago each pledged a sum equal to that the state might give for such a park, and the payment of these pledges will give a fund of $75,000 for the establishment of the park. Actual construction, however, will not begin until after the war.

The place on the other side of the river where the Continentals landed was utilized several years ago by the state of New Jersey for a park similar to the one planned by Pennsylvania.

Judge Goes Solomon One Better.

In Asheville, N. C., a judge decided that a hostler charged with drunkenness was not to blame, because he had been sold horse liniment by a druggist, who knew what he really wanted it for, so he fined the druggist—but, on second thought, he also held the hostler for cruelty to animals in depriving horses of medicine.

Uncle Hy Explains.

"Why," asked the summer boarder, "are they so often referred to as 'smiling fields of corn'?"

"Because," replied Uncle Hyperbole Medders, "the fool questions some city folks ask when they go cornfields make 'em smile, from ear to ear."—The Lamb.

Clarence Hazel Dead.

Monday morning at 1.15 o'clock Carence Hazel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hazel, of Bush Addition, a suburb of Bellefonte, passed calmly away after months of suffering. His last words was a prayer and with this upon his lips he crossed the great divide between time and eternity. Had he lived until march 29th he would have been 31 years of age. He was born at Rockview, Benner township, and grew up in that vicinity. He came to Bellefonte several years ago with the family. On the 5th of January, 1916, he went to Fort Slocum, N. Y., where he joined the United States Regular Army and was assigned to Battery E, 1st Artillery. In March the battery was sent to Schofield Barracks, near Honolulu, Hawaiian Island. He was put at shoeing horses in a blacksmith shop, and on the 3rd of March, 1917, a horse threw him up against the anvil and he was injured internally Soon afterwards an unsuccessful operation was performed at Honolulu. He was sent back to SanFrancisco in April and on June 3d was honorably discharged from the service. On the 12th of June he arrived home. Failing to recuperate he was taken to Lock Haven the latter part of August where another operation was performed by Dr. Ball but it failed to bring relief. He was thus a patient sufferer and was ready when the end came. His untimely death will be deeply lamented by his friends. He was kind, always lending a helping hand to those who needed it. Deceased belonged to the Lutheran church. Besides his parents he is survived by two brothers and one sister: Ralph G. Hazel, Akron, Ohio; Harry Hazel, Tyrone, and Mrs. William Dreibelbis, of Shiloh. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock. There being no Lutheran minister in Bellefonte Rev. Hugh MacLeod, of the United Bretheran church conducted the services. Interment was made at Pleasant Gap.

Mrs. George L. Potter Dead.

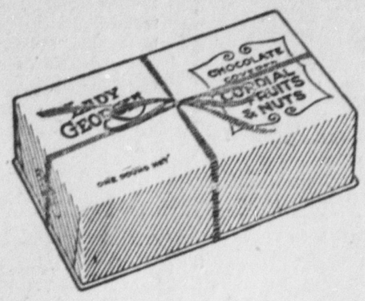
Mrs. Elizabeth Sanderson Potter, wife of the late George L. Potter, of Bellefonte, passed away in the local hospital at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon after a year of suffering from a complication of diseases. Mrs. Potter had been spending her winters of recent years in Orlando, Florida, and while there last winter she became ill when an operation was performed. She remained in the hospital there for some time and afterward was taken to a sanitarium at Danville, N. Y. Failing to respond to the treatment she was brought to Bellefonte in June and taken to the hospital where she remained until her death. The deceased was the daughter of William C. and Catherine Crane Sanderson, and in 1849 was born in Clinton county, near Lock Haven. She was a member of the oldest, most prominent and highly respected families of that section of the state. On the 21st of June, 1876, she was married to George L. Potter, of Bellefonte who preceded her to the grave several years ago.

Mrs. Potter was a devoted member of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, and when in health she enjoyed taking an active part in different branches of church work. Her beautiful life was lived in a manner that shed a gleam of sunshine into the lives of those who came in contact with her in the every day associations. She posessed a sweet, charitable disposition and when she could make others happy she seemed all the brighter. Thus she was highly esteemed for her many good qualities of mind and heart, and will be missed not only in her home but the church and community. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Sylvester Bixler, of Lock Haven; also by two brothers, William H. Sanderson, of Mill Hall, and George C. Sanderson, of Florida. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from her residence on Linn street. Dr. McKinney, of the Presbyterian church officiating. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

H. Jackson Dawson Dead.

H. Jackson Dawson better known to his Bellefonte friends as "Jack" Dawson, passed away Friday evening at 6.15 o'clock at his home in Sunbury the result of a stroke of apoplexy received two weeks prior to his demise. He was so well known in Bellefonte as to make him one of its citizens. For forty-seven years he had been Adams Express messenger on the Lewisburg train that reaches here every morning, and in all that time seldom missed a day. He was born and raised at Montandon where he always resided until seven years ago when he went to Sunbury to make his home to suit the schedule of his train that was changed to run between Sunbury and Bellefonte instead of Montandon to Bellefonte. As to the number of years in the service of the express company he was the oldest. During his long years of service it is estimated that he traveled 1,578,704 miles. Before he took this run he worked out of Baltimore, Md., His age was 68 years, 9 months and 11 days. "Jack" was of a cheery disposition, honest and upright, whose word was as good as his bond. His friends was numbered by the hundreds and everybody had a kind word to say of him. For years he attended the Baptist church. His widow, Mary E. Dawson, and the following children survive: William and G. L., of Williamsport; C. H. Dawson, Watsontown; Edward and Earl Milton; Frederick H., of Sunbury; Mrs. Edward Rossman, Philadelphia; Mrs. George Reitz, Montandon, and Miss Estella Dawson, a Red Cross nurse who is doing service in France. Major W. W. Fetzer, of Milton, who has friends in Bellefonte, is a son-in-law. He is with the boys at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. The funeral was held Monday afternoon. Interment was made at Milton.

Fine Chocolates



Crisp, rich chocolates with luscious Nut and Fruit filling in a well assorted variety.

Special 39c Full Pound Box

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

James Corum Dead.

James Corum (colored), of Bellefonte, was taken to the local hospital Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock and in the evening at 6 o'clock died, the cause being pneumonia. For years back he had been a driver for Thomas Beaver, but recently he had been driving a team on the State Road near Birmingham, Blair county. He had completed that job and came to Bellefonte to look after another one. He was a cripple, his one leg being shorter than the other. He was 45 years of age and was born at Aldie, Louden county, Virginia. He came north about 22 years ago and several years ago came to Bellefonte. He had no relatives living. He was a hard worker and possessed a kindly disposition. The remains were taken to undertaker Hard Harris' morgue from where the funeral was held this (Thursday) morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. Jones officiating.

To the Point.

The more you ponder difficulties the harder they seem. So the thing is to get them off the slate as soon as possible. You get them off by going after them. Just cast up the work of the day. Estimate the toll in each problem. Tackle the hardest one before you are tired. That may not be according to precedent, but it's according to good generalship. As soon as you get that off the list tackle the next thing in importance. Keep the work going and you're bound to win victories over self and the job you face. Soon there won't be any real problems to annoy you. It will just be a matter of attacking things in the best order. You have gone a long way toward mastery when you have learned to do big things first.—Grit.

Stunning.

"Oh, Effie, your new gown and hat are stunning!"

"Yes. Alfred hasn't recovered yet from the shock the bill gave him."

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Estate of Bruce Hughes, late of Philipsburg Borough, deceased.

The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the said Court to audit and make distribution of the balance in the hands of the Farmer's Trust Company, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Executor of etc., of the said Bruce Hughes deceased, as shown by its First and Final account, duly filed, and confirmed by said Court, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet the parties in interest, for the purpose of his appointment, on Friday, November 2nd, 1917, at 9:00 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims, or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER,
Auditor.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Mary J. Toon vs. W H. Toon.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Center County No. 52, September Term 1917.

In Re Divorce.

To W. H. Toon, Whereas your wife, Mary J. Toon has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Center County No. 52 September term 1917, praying for a divorce against you and now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the first Monday of November 1917 to answer the complaint of your wife, Mary J. Toon and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary J. Toon should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
October 15, 1917.

Notice in Divorce.

Robert Adams vs. Lucy Adams.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County.

No. 65 August Term 1905.

Subpoena in Divorce.

To Mrs. Lucy Adams, Respondent in the above stated case.

You are hereby notified that I have been appointed Master to take the testimony in the above stated case and to report the same to Court with my findings and recommendations and for that purpose I will meet all parties interested at the office of J. K. Johnston, Atty. No. 5 E. High Street Bellefonte Borough, Pa., on Thursday Nov. 8th, 1917 at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time and place you may attend with your witnesses and be heard, if you so desire.

J. THOMAS MITCHELL,
Master.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Mary E. Beightol vs. Harvey D. Beightol.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916. In Re Divorce.

To Harvey D. Beightol:—Whereas your wife, Mary E. Beightol has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916, praying for a Divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the First Monday in December, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Mary E. Beightol, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Beightol should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
October 2, 1917.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth on the 23rd day of October, 1917 under the Corporation Act of 1874, for a charter of of an intended corporation to be called the "Port Matilda Supply Company," the character and object of which is to buy and sell articles of merchandise, having its principal office in the village of Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

ORVIS & ZERBY,
Solicitors.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte.

FOR SALE—Badger Dairy Feed, 24 per cent Protein, go to J. S. Waite & Co.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on north Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Auman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—A good janitor. Good wages. Nice home. Easy but steady work. Address Box H, Bellefonte.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

WANTED—25 Cutters for woods work. Props and Tie Blocks. 4c each. Good Timber—Accommodations ready. Paid every two weeks. In full. 1500-ACRES. J. E. Seeds, Tyrone, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—Solid oak extension dining table with extra leaves, buffet and 6 leather chairs, all match, good as new. In first class condition. Will sell at big bargain to sell it quick. R. Russel Blair.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Twenty-five men for woods work—Mine Props—Tie Blocks and Logs. Best of Timber & Prices. Accommodations ready—Store close by. Transportation to operation. Acerage 1500. J. E. SEEDS, TYRONE, PA.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

JINCY

By Martha McCullough Williams

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Where in the world!" It was the hat that called forth Mrs. Benton's exclamation. She and her family had been coming for years to this mountain resort of South Carolina for the summer holidays. And in the course of that time she had seen much of the mountaineers. But never had she seen anybody like the girl who stood in the shade of the carryall that had just come to rest in the street before the Benton house.

The hat was ten years out of fashion, and must have been a fright to begin with. And the hat was sufficiently startling without the rest of the girl—the rest was largely red hair, fine, lustrous, wavy, very thick and of the truest Titian hue. It was wound in heavy rolls about the girl's head, and entwined with faded blue ribbon. Rhinestone combs of unknown vintage were stuck here and there in the glowing expanse, evidently placed with care that the hat should not obscure them. The girl stood there searching in the carryall for sundry belongings—a flaming purple parasol, a palm-leaf fan with a long red tassel, a bright-colored handkerchief. The small lad, her brother, on the front seat, holding the meek pair of plow horses, turned to help her. And that is why he did not see the Benton wagon coming down the street at a smart trot, driven by Benjy Benton, and laden with the belated band from town, come to this town of Locust Grove to do honor to the Fourth of July. The band had started out vainglorious in a motor bus, only to find itself stranded seven miles from its destination. As the town was crowded with merrymakers from

"Isn't Her Get-Up Fierce?"

the surrounding countryside, there must be a band. So when Benjy had heard, by telephone, of their predicament, he had set out to rescue them with the farm wagon.

Now the carryall stood on the wrong side of the road, and Benjy had right of way. Moreover, he was hurrying to get the belated band to its place before the speaker of the day should arrive. He saw the carryall too late. His shouted warning did no good, and there came a clutch and wrenching of wheels, the carryall skidded quite in motor style, then toppled rakishly aslant. The horses moved sluggishly a little to one side, as if bored by the whole proceeding. And nobody was injured; but the carryall was a wreck.

Benjy, taking the blame, got down from his wagon, resigning the reins to someone else. After apologizing to the girl, he went to his mother, watching the crowd from the steps. The neighborhood doctor had looked over the girl and her young brother, and, finding no harm done, had given them into his wife's keeping, who stood with her arm protectingly around the girl's shoulders.

"It's a shame," said Benjy. "Isn't her get-up fierce? But—you can't blame her. Know who she is? Granddaughter of that old miser, Granny Rollins, back in the mountains. Her father let her run wild. Granny's dead now, and those two—brother and sister—are her only heirs. They've come into the farm, the clothes—everything Granny left. But they've found no money. Everybody thought the old skinflint had piles of it; but they had to sell the best of the cows to pay for Granny's funeral. The carryall was a wreck, so rotten and shaky I wonder they got here in it. Of course I'll stand for that—though it never would have got home, the ten miles they must drive through, without falling to pieces. After a while you go to speak to them. They're alone and scared and shy, and you could help them have a good time."

Mrs. Benton nodded—she could not speak. She did so crave a daughter, in spite of her five sons, it hurt to see a girl thus gone to waste. Her heart yearned over the poor thing—no doubt she had been bewildered by her avalanche of unaccustomed possessions, and had tried piteously to make herself fine enough for this first merrymaking. Where could she have got her idea of style? In a flash Mrs. Benton knew—from the fashion sheets and supplements it had been Granny's habit to save. Granny had bought by them—costly things but always extreme—and had treasured them, going herself in calico or the coarsest woolens. Stories of her had gone country-wide—but very few had seen her. She had kept at home steadfastly, save for her yearly trip to town, hated church-going and discouraged all visitors, save such as came in the way of business.

The girl sat apathetic, clutching the purple parasol, which made a violent discord against her red plaid frock. But when the band struck up, she changed—sat upright, eye glowing, lips parted, a deep scarlet showing through the massed freckles all over her cheeks. They were so thick on the nose they made it Indian color; also they powdered her arms well above the elbow. Her shiftless father had been one of granny's croppers until he died, just a year ahead of her. Even then she had not taken home Jincy, her daughter's child, choosing, she said, to die as she had lived, alone. But at the end, when Jincy, venturing in, found her stricken, helpless, speechless, there had been an agony of entreaty in the fierce old eyes. Jincy had known Granny wanted to say something—to tell something—the eyes searched her face so steadfastly, but no words came through the week she fought back death. Jincy shivered still when she let herself remember that time.

She sat through the music spellbound, wholly transfigured. The speaking wearied her. Brief as it was, the words of the immortal declaration fell on ears unheeding—ears to which it was in an unknown tongue. But when the band struck up again and the crowd rose for the march to dinner Jincy could not be still. She swayed in time and her feet pattered lightly—so lightly Mrs. Bennett's heart yearned more than ever.

The doctor's wife had many friends to see and see about. She was glad to shift Jincy into Mrs. Benton's charge. At first the girl was too shy to do more than nod or shake her head or mumble half articulately. It came with a rush when, after dinner, Mrs. Benton took her apart. Sitting on a shady bank, Jincy gave all her confidence—a story that brought tears to the listener's eyes.

"All she knew was work—field work. She could not read or spell or write, hardly even sew on a patch or do more than cook ashcake and fry bacon.

Daddy had done the sewing—when there were any clothes to make. He had likewise done the cooking—if there was wherewithal beyond meat and meal. Daddy had not been lazy as people said. He had done the best he knew; and he was that honest Gran had always got the better of him when it came to dividing the crops. He had been good to his children, too. They had never felt a blow except the time Gran whipped them for chasing her old peacock. After that he would not let them go about her, though he had stayed on in the cabin because Mammy had died there. If only he was here now. There Jincy broke down utterly.

"I ain't got nobody but Tawm," she moaned, "and him so little. However will we live? Folks can cheat us outen everything Gran left. I wouldn't mind workin' all my life—ef I hadn't never had nothin'. Seems to me we'd be better off dead."

"Try living for a little longer," Mrs. Benton said kindly. "But not all alone. Rent the place; it's too big for you to handle, and come and be my little girl."

It made a nine days' wonder—also almost a scandal. All sorts of things were said. People were slow to credit Mrs. Benton's real motives. When, a year after the girl's adoption, Benjy married her, thus taking her legally into the family, the skeptics shrugged and said: "Of course! The farm is rich, even if she hasn't any money." Love and happiness are miracle workers, truly. Within the next two years they transferred Jincy from a freckled fright into the handsomest young matron in the county. Also mother of the finest boy baby—who of course had Dad's name in full. Benjy never tired of saying Jincy was the reward of kindness—if he had not helped out the band and run down the carryall, he might never have got her.

He had sold the big farm—Jincy shuddered at even the thought of visiting it. The money was safe at interest, so there should be an accumulation to take Tawm through college. And then one day came a lawyer with many papers to prove Jincy and her brother heirs to $50,000 secretly invested by Gran in driblets from her hoardings.

The Bentons were no happier—simply because they could not be. But several and sundry of their critics were quite unhappy over this undiscovered turn of luck to people who knew no better than to be generously kind.

Cement From Sugar Beets.

A French chemist has worked out a process for making cement from sugar beets as a by-product in the process of sugar manufacture. The foreign matter which boils out in the process of purifying the beets is mixed with clay, and a high-grade of cement results. The case of cement is a striking illustration of the importance of by-products in modern industry. Not only can cement be manufactured as a by-product of sugar manufacture, but in making cement by the standard process the potash by-product is sometimes valuable enough to pay the entire cost.

PREACHER DREAM, POOR LUCK

Cap'n Jim's Nightmare of Wrong Color According to Official Book, to Benefit Him.

Cap'n Jim was lacin' up his shoes out in the main cabin by the big stove before I took my gittin'-up chew an' got on my pants an' shirt.

The second bell the cook was clangin' on the main deck down below was shakin' the frost off the willows on the bank 'longside the quarter-boat. After the racket died out Cap'n Jim started his mornin' vision report: "Dreamed of a preacher last night, Dave," he says. "He was standin' up in a skiff an' heavin' eggs at a big lummox of a catfish. What does you perdict that vision means?"

"That's a bad vision, Jim," I says, "an' a hard one to perdict. Wait till I git the book."

I dug the old dream-book out of the trunk in my stateroom. When I got by the stove Cap'n Ed and Cap'n Lafe was there with Cap'n Jim.

"Poverty — Prayer — Preacher. Preacher: if colored, denotes advance in position or inheritance of gold," I read. "Was he white or nigger?"

"White—I think," says Cap'n Jim. "But he might have been some sickly yaller-lookin'."

"If white," the book says, "It portends a reduction of income or a successful business trip."

Cap'n Jim looked discouraged as a froze rabbit. "Where to would I be takin' a business trip, with the dang fleet laid up for the winter an' me cut to mate's pay till the spring work starts. I figger the shrinkin' income part o' that dream's all I'll git."

Cap'n Lafe hauled out the stone with a hole in it that he carried the time him in the Dixie Queen sunk at Settlers Bend. "This here'll ward off the doom, Jim," he says, handin' the stone to Cap'n Jim. I give ol' Jim my rabbit-foot what has kept bad luck away from me many's the time, an' we started in tryin' to recollect some more charms, but just then the flunky cast loose on the breakfast-bell an' we all drifted for'd an' below into the dinin'-hall.—From "A Mushroom Midas," by Hugh Wiley, in Scribner's Magazine.

Vatican Real Help to Rome.

It is perhaps the Vatican that constitutes the best and surest antiaerial weapon. The pope lives within its walls, and Austria, the most Catholic monarchy, will send no bombs to Rome, says an exchange. As the capital of Italy, Rome would perhaps not be spared, but a stray bomb on the Vatican would trouble the consciences of the dual monarchy more than the slaughter of any number of innocent noncombatants and create complications for the imperial government greater than they care to face. It is doubtful whether even Protestant Germany would care to affront the conscience of a not inconsiderable part of its population. There have been no formal assurances given to that effect—if they exist they have not been made public—yet there seems to be a tacit understanding that because of the pope's presence Rome is to be respected.

Thus, this city of many vicissitudes, though prayer and fasting are as much out-of-date as a means of defense as the "terror by night" that haunted the old monks of Subiaco, carries within herself a purely spiritual defense more powerful than any girdle of steel.

Korean Quick at Figures.

The governor general of Korea presented a watch to a native lad named An Myengwhan, an accountant in the employ of the land investigation bureau at Seoul, in appreciation of his high mathematical talents.

Among his other accomplishments, says the East and West News, he can mentally add a column of 25 items of four figures each in seven seconds. This is much less than half the time required by the most expert accountants in Japan. This boy is only sixteen years old. His father died two years ago and he is now supporting his mother, brother and a sister on 70 sen (37½ cents) a day—an unprecedented high wage for a Corean accountant.

Mr. An was honored by a gift last year from Count Terauchi when governor general of Corea.

Portrait of Henry VII.

An interesting art discovery has just been made at Geneva, Switzerland, by a Luxemburg antiquarian, which, if confirmed, will fill a vacancy in England's historical records. M. Jean Bervard has found a miniature on wood which he identifies as a portrait of Henry VII, the first of the Tudor dynasty. No portrait of this monarch is known here to exist in any museum or private collection.

Mr. Bervard, without giving details as to how or where he discovered this unique work, says that it was painted by Geoffrey Tory de Bourges (1840-1533), and is the only painting known by him, although he was an egraver and drew illustrations for four historical works.

Utilization of Waste.

The utilization of waste in the battle-wrecked parts of France has been reduced to a science. All the pieces of shell, cases, unexploded bombs, haversacks, helmets, canteens, and even old rags are picked up and sent down to the base to be utilized in some form or another. At one spot 50,000 old shoes were being repaired when a war correspondent visited it. The upper part of an old shoe is often converted into shoe laces by an ingenious machine invented by an Irish shoemaker. One thousand five hundred French girls are employed at one salvage shop converting overcoats picked up on the fields.

Twelve Noon

By Isabel Frost

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It has never seemed quite so hard as that Saturday morning. For over a year Tess had worked in the big paper box factory on MacDougal street, carrying tall piles of boxes back and forth as they were finished by the older "hands," and ready for the packers.

She was fifteen when she started in, and the $4 a week had seemed so much to the little family tucked away in three rooms on Sullivan street. With her mother and Danny helping, too, it wasn't hard to get along at all, and when the weather was good they all went over into Washington square at night to rest and dream awhile.

But up in the factory the other girls had never admitted her into that inner circle of friendly intimacy that always exists where there are fellow workers. Perhaps it was because she wasn't pretty. The first week she had gone there Carl, the shipping clerk, had sized her up jocularly and remarked that "she'd be some frost at the Winter Garden with that face hung on her."

Tess had heard and hated him with all her heart, even while the hot tears filled her eyes, and she bit her lip to keep back the swift retort. She had taken a good look at herself in the little crooked mirror over the wash basin where the girls put on their hats, and it was perfectly true. She wasn't a bit pretty. She didn't know how to do her hair attractively and in style, and she had freckles, and her mouth was too large. There was no one to tell

Had Sized Her Up Jocularly.

her that her eyes were big and lustrous, and her complexion clear and pink. When she smiled there was a charm that brightened her whole face. It came as a birthright from a mother who had been born near Killarney. But Tess only saw the red hair and freckles, and hated them with all her heart.

The next year it was much worse. The boys and girls in the factory formed a social club, and gave little dances and picnics, and Tess was left out with old Julia, the scrubwoman, and Lizzie, the little hunchback sorter of labels. She tried to think she didn't care, but when Tom Blake came to work on the freight elevator, she knew she did. She'd have given everything she owned to make Tom look at her as he looked at some of the other girls, and especially at Telka.

Telka was one of the experienced hands on the bridal cake boxes. She pasted on the satin striped paper and the delicate, frostlike lace linings, and always sang as she worked. She was from northern Hungary, with the mystery of the Magyars in her curious, attractive eyes and slow smile. Once when one of the boys had tried to kiss her, she had slapped him, and when he hurled a choice bit of good old Bowery "call down" at her return, Telka had promptly seized her scissors and chased him downstairs into a corner until he begged her pardon.

The second week, as Tess was going down on the freight elevator at noon time, Tom took a bunch of flowers from a pasteboard shoe box at his feet and gave them to Telka. They were not city flowers, Tess could see that. There was a whiff of rose geranium and sweet alyssum, with heliotrope and mignonette.

"We live up in Fordham," Tom said. "Mother picked that bunch for me this morning from her garden. Like it?"

Telka smiled, her face behind the flowers. Surely she liked them. Tess watched them both with a little heartache of curiosity. What was this love that bloomed overnight like a flower itself and brought the luster to the eyes and the color to the cheeks of girls like Telka? When the Hungarian girl got off at the sixth floor, Tom turned and saw his other passenger, her arms full of boxes as usual.

"Hello, kid," he said happily. "Can I fix a patch on your hair?"

"Smarty," retorted Tess, hotly, and Tom looked at her twice. Dimples and red curly hair were not such a bad combination after all. Telka was drowsy and indolent in her ways unless roused to anger, but here was a girl with a bit of old Ireland in her make-up like a dash of pepper. The next day he brought some roses for Tess, but she was busy in the packing room, and he gave them to Telka at the last moment. Then, when the days grew warm, the social club arranged for a Sunday outing up the Hudson. Tess heard the girls talking about it and planning. It seemed as if she could feel the weight of her own heart in her loneliness. If only there was someone who wanted her most of all, someone whom she wanted, too. Tom called to her as she went up the stairs Saturday morning, but she did not notice him. All at once she felt a great bitterness against the whole cruel pressure, the daily grind that ate up youth and happiness, the pitiful little $4 that was due her that night, old Levinsky's face at the time clock when she rang up, Miss Gulitsky, the forewoman giving out the work of the day—what was it all worth in the big count up of life?

That morning at breakfast her mother had been telling of her home in the old country, of the beautiful lakes of Killarney and of the lifting glory of the hills around them. It seemed like another world to Tess from this narrow street filled with crowded Italian children, and endless rows of factories and shops below Bleecker street.

She was thinking of this, hating her work, her companions, Telka's sleek, dark head, the sound of the machinery, everything in the place.

"We'll be let out at twelve noon today," the girl at the checking desk said. "Boss's got a soft heart, I guess, on account of the picnic. What you—going to wear, Tess?"

Tess scowled. It was on the tip of her tongue to say she wasn't going. The clock over her head said ten minutes to twelve. She caught up her last load of boxes and started for the inclosed wooden stairs. And half way down she saw a little curling of smoke. It was ever so slight, hardly noticeable, only when you work in a paper box factory you grow to see such things very quickly. In ten minutes or less it would eat its way through and the wood partitions would blaze up like matchwood. Tess stared at it, and then went deliberately on to the second floor.

They would have their picnic without her, would they? They would laugh at her red hair and call her Irish, would they? She'd show them. It gave her the strangest, most wonderful thrill to know how she held the fate of the whole factory in her hands. Of course they would get out in time. She just wanted to give them a good scare. All the time her last lot of boxes were being packed for shipment, she stood looking at the clock counting minutes. Five, six, seven. Suddenly she turned and ran for the stairs. Levinsky called after her that the door was locked, she'd have to use the freight elevator if she wanted to go up. But that red hair was not without its own significance. Tess reached the little fire alarm box by the door and before anyone could stop her she had smashed the glass and turned the key around.

Twelve noon found the girls making for the stairway in a panic of fear, the fear of the paper box worker. And the stairs were filled with the peril of death, rising clouds of choking smoke that drove them back. Tom's voice above all called them to the freight elevator, and Tess was leading them like a lot of sheep to safety, when she missed Telka. She went back into the smoke just as the firemen came on a run.

It was Tom who found her, still gripping the fainting girl in her strong young arms, her ankle twisted in her fall; and he carried them both to safety. The next day as the steamer turned slowly up the river in the flood of late May sunshine Tess snuggled closer to the broad shoulder beside her. There had been a cheer given for the girl with the red hair who had given the alarm in time at 12 noon, but she hardly heard it. Her face was bent over a bouquet of rose geranium and heliotrope and mignonette from Tom's mother's garden in Fordham.

MEN, MAIL THOSE LETTERS!

Trap That Dorchester Woman Laid for Her Hubby Is Not Patented, Therefore, Be Wise.

The wife of a Dorchester man who had the traditional failing—he forgot to mail letters—has cured him. The mail is delivered at their home before the breakfast hour, which is comparatively late. One morning she said to her husband:

"Did you have any mail this morning dear?"

"Only a circular," he answered, as he bit into a fine brown slice of toast.

"Huh!" said the wife. "By the way, did you mail the letters I gave you yesterday?"

"Sure I did," was the righteously indignant reply.

"Well," answered wifie, with an eloquent smile, "it's funny, then, you had no letters this morning, because one of those I gave you to mail was addressed to you—just as a sort of key.'—Boston Herald.

A Useful Book.

Prison Reformer—We're inaugurating a circulating library for the use of the inmates. Is there any particular book you'd like to make use of?

Number, 33,833—Sure. If I could only use it right, I'd like to have a railway guide.—Everybody's Magazine.

CROWING OF COCK

Rooster's Midnight Alarm [illegible] Be Haunt of Soldier?

Historical Events Are Quoted to Show Effects of Call at Regular Hours.

Is the crowing of the cock a haunt of soldiers?

Philosophers might ask themselves this question, fools might hesitate long enough with a ray of intelligence to remark, "It does look funny." The cock sounds his first shrill clarion call at twelve o'clock, midnight.

His neighboring cock from an eminent perch in an apple tree hears and answers "auwk-er-uk-er-oo-o." Then he sleeps again and an hour later sounds the second watch of the night. He sleeps some more. Then sounds the call from the barracks and his neighbors join in to make the dawning welkin ring.

Through this Eastern section, where eastern and central time changes and the country is thickly settled, there is an hour difference in the time of the midnight crowing of the cock within a few miles' ride of the traveler.

Since the war began in Europe and the nations engaged in that conflict set the clocks back an hour for military reasons, it is said that the cock has adjusted his midnight crowing to suit the hour by the clock.

Beginning two weeks before Christmas the cock crows first at ten o'clock at night and then at the regular hours as before until after Christmas eve.

When the Roman empire claimed its outposts as the outposts of civilization and its armies as legions, the watches of the night were sounded by the bugle of the sentinel from his tower stationed wherever the mighty country had laid claim to domain. It was then that the crowing of the cock seems to have become connected with the soldier's call of the watches of the night. "The cock shall not thrice crow this night before you shall deny me." It is mentioned in the Bible to denote the watches of the night.

The Christmas festivities in the early days of Christianity lasted several days, beginning prior to Christmas day and the revelries of the night, in which wines flowed freely, doubtless led to a curfew call which descended to the cock as the other watch calls of the soldier's bugle.

In the present world war when the haunt of the soldier is again world-wide, it is not unlikely that it might exert an influence on the life of the domestic animal. The horse, it is claimed by scientists, can scent the battle from afar and his nature even feels the approach of war.

Even again the time of the universal crowing of the cock might be changed by the effect of the military change of the people of the day.

Cyclist Messengers Satisfactory.

One of the difficulties that has been experienced by infantry following up a retreat, has been the quick transmission of reports and the maintenance of touch with their flanking column, writes a war correspondent. In cyclist training no little time is devoted to perfecting the system of communication, and experience has proved that cyclist messengers are both a speedier and more reliable means of communication than either telephones, which have to be laid, or visual signaling.

Prior to 1914, there were many who asserted that cyclists were too vulnerable to be of use. It has been proved already that they were wrong, even though the character of the war in the West has not been peculiarly favorable to cyclist operations, and that cyclist battalions are and will continue to be one of the most important and valuable arms of the service.

35,000,000 Documents in One Room.

One of the most marvelous organizations in the world is found in the new buildings at Kew of the claims and record department of the ministry of labor. Here the whole work of unemployment insurance, formerly administered from various towns throughout the United Kingdom, is directed.

In one room alone 35,000,000 documents relating to workmen's insurance are housed, and even in this labyrinth it is possible to trace the name and full particulars of any claim in two or three minutes. The efficient working of an intricate and complicated system is carried out almost entirely by a staff of women numbering over 600.

Suggests Decoy Soldier.

We have heard of tin soldiers, but it has remained for J. Burgess, an officer in training at Fort Sheridan, Ill., to bring to our attention a camouflage soldier of papier mache. His plan is to place a large number of these dummy soldiers beside the regular troops on the firing line, to serve as decoys for the Germans. Unable to distinguish between the real and faked soldier, he believes the Germans will waste a great amount of ammunition on the papier mache figures. In this instance every hit will be as good as a miss.—Popular Science Monthly.

Occupation.

"I failed to reach you by telephone either at your office or at your home. Don't you work any more?"

"Of course, I work," protested Mr. Chuggins.

"Whereabouts?"

"On a street corner or in the middle of a country road—any old place the flivver happens to quit on me."

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Frank H. Meloon.

...all elections that the ...tersville John Grant, ...mith, a big, rawboned ...s muscle, whose fam... ...om Nova Scotia, had ... Judge Weaver, can... ...egislature. From the ...view the worst feature ...tuous antagonism was ...dge Weaver had been ... narrow margin of one ...rness was ever there... ...in his heart.

...ce of vexation for the ... attachment which he ... to see existed between ...Nellie, a girl of pretty ...height, plump person and ... on the one hand and ...m, son of the first select... ...s a student at one of the ...niversities.

...Wenham was another of ...er's political opponents; ...the judge never forgave ...ssed his will, this was not ...or his opposing the match ... daughter Nellie and the ...son Willis. The judge was ...eans, while Selectman Wen... ...h possessed of a moderate ..., could leave but a small ...s demise to each of his nu... ...mily, of which Willis com... ...tly one-thirteenth.

...ung Wenham absent at col... ...judge was able to give his ... attention to the village ...h. He was willing to bide ... for he knew John Grant to ...f those men who with unfail... ...ilarity get themselves into a ...state of intoxication just once ...elve months. For a full week ... the blacksmith's custom to ... with John Barleycorn, quite ...to be overcome.

...nly article in the warrant for ...st town meeting over which ...ad not been more or less con... ...as that which called for the ...n of a town lockup. It was gen... ... conceded that Pottersville had ...d that stage in a town's progress ... a jail is demanded for the pres... ...on of peace and order. An out... might have objected that there ...been no arrest made in the little ...e excepting of boys on truancy ...es since the convening of the last ... meeting, but this would have ... regarded as a Machiavellian at... ...pt at impeding the wheels of prog... So the new structure had risen ...mphantly, with not so much as a ...t of graft, under the supervision of ... selectmen, and, although the sug... ...tion of building had come from the ...uth of Judge Weaver, none sang the ...aise of conception and execution ...re loudly than the village black ...ith.

...t was at the fall elections, as we ...ve said, that the feud started be...

HE GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO FIGHT THEM.

tween John Grant and Judge Weaver. It was not until the approach of the following spring that the latter found the sought for chance to "get back" at the smith. One morning in early February the blacksmith failed to show up at his place of business. A line of six or more impatient teamsters set out to look up the reason. At Henry Come's hostelry, known as the Come Inn, they found it.

John Grant refused to do the work the teamsters desired of him, but generously offered to fight them, either one at a time or all together. His tender was courteously refused.

This time, however, John Grant was not to enjoy his parting from the path of sobriety without paying the penalty therefor as provided and laid down in the statutes of the state. Judge Weaver forced the unwilling constables, after considerable goading, to action. The blacksmith, snoring in slumber, was dragged out of the woods and cast into the new lockup. On the following morning he had sobered up sufficiently to appear before the court, which in Pottersville meant Judge Weaver.

Two of the constables swore to having seen John Grant very drunk and disorderly at the Come Inn. There was no defense. The blacksmith even pleaded guilty with a certain amount of elation. Apparently the one uncomfortable feature of the affair to him was the long and maliciously worded harangue which, behind the dignity of the law, Judge Weaver delivered to the prisoner, closing by sentencing him to sixty days in Pottersville jail and fining him $6.76 costs.

There was a beatific smile on the highly colored face of the prisoner as he was led off to the lockup, closely guarded by quite unnecessary constables, after offering to work out the fine by shoeing the yoke of oxen kept to aid the paupers in their work on the town farm. The proffer had been refused with a great show of dignity.

It would have required no great effort for the burly prisoner to tear down the bars which covered the windows of the jail and which were rather more for decoration than for anything else, but other thoughts were in his mind. He was, for the first time in his life, a prisoner. It was the duty of the town to which he had paid poll and property taxes for more years than he could really remember to provide him with bed and board. The experience was not only novel, but also distinctly pleasing, vesting him with a sense of new importance.

It was easier than working, this jail life, and after the first week in the well warmed lockup he began to look forward with regret to the time when he must leave it.

With the passing of the first fortnight of the sixty days' confinement this state of affairs, however, began to pall on him. He found that a vacation may be of too long duration. He began to pine for work. Furthermore his pride was seriously affected. On two or three occasions Jailer Gibson on leaving the lockup after bringing in the blacksmith's supper had forgotten to lock the door after him. The prisoner remonstrated in forcible language at this inattention to duty.

"I'm goin' to be locked up nights hereafter, Jim Gibson," he said, knitting the red skin of his forehead into a mass of frowning wrinkles, "an' I want you to understan' it. Think of me stayin' in jail without bein' locked up! Ain't I got a right to be locked up?"

"I'll put a spring lock on the door tomorrow, John, an' then if I go away an' forget to lock the door you can close it an' lock it any time you want."

"Well, Jim, all I ask's to be locked up like I ought to be," answered the mollified prisoner. "That's all I ask."

"Yes, an' I'll do more than that," continued the constable. "I'll have that lock so's you can open it from the inside with a nail. Nobody but us need know, an' you can step outside any time you want to. I'm doin' this," he went on hastily, "'cause I don't want you to get sick while you're in my charge. Prisoners get all the exercise they want in ev'ry well regulated jail, an' I ain't goin' to have no one say the Pottersville jail's behin' the times."

"No, nor I nuther!" agreed the blacksmith heartily. "Have some tobacco, Jim?"

Jailer Gibson took a pipeful of the contents of the blue and tinsel package extended to him, and, rolling it in the palm of his hand, sat down to have a further chat with the prisoner.

"See here, John," he began, "the boys aroun' Pottersville are gettin' mighty hard up f'r a horseshoer. They don't want to go out of town f'r one thing. 'Sides, they couldn't get nobody nearer nor Spencer, an' that's most forty mile away. We've been a-talkin' it over at the grocery store, an' we decided to ask you if you wouldn't like to do a little work here. We could fix up a place where you could do shoein' real slick."

"I don't know's I'd object to it, Jim," deliberated the blacksmith, "providin' the boys didn't think 'twas lettin' me down on my sixty days."

"No one would think that, John," interpolated the constable. "Why, 'twould be just a favor to you, if you'd do it. It's mighty slipp'ry on the roads, an' it's hard on the horses' feet. There's more'n fifty on 'em need sharpenin'. 'Twould be just a stroke of common humanity on your part, John, if you'd do it."

"Well, you go ahead an' fix the things up," agreed the prisoner, "an I reckon 'twill be all right."

The next day a portable forge was obtained, and a huge pair of bellows set up. The smith donned his apron and did a rattling business. On the day following he shod Judge Weaver's trotting horse Kelleck, 2:18, who had earned his record at the county fair the previous year. The blacksmith also shod the yoke of oxen from the town farm. For a week he was forced to turn away trade daily and even began to talk of hiring an assistant.

People who lived midway between Pottersville and Spencer who had been in the habit of going to Spencer now came to see the strange spectacle of a jail prisoner doing horseshoeing. John Grant had more business than ever before. He offered, if the town authorities would arrest and send to jail some tramp who knew something about the work, to hire him as assistant and even to pay the town for his keep. The constables, though enjoined to be on the alert, failed to find such a personage.

In the meantime Willis Wenham came home from the university for a fortnight's vacation. His attentions to Nellie Weaver once more became a source of annoyance to the judge. Sympathy in Pottersville, as it is apt to be in any town, was with the young people. In some way it got rumored around the town that Nellie's life at home was made none of the pleasantest by her father. Further comment was aroused when the postmaster gave out that Miss Nellie had returned one of Wrangle's (the wealthy summer visitor's) letters unopened. The incident showed a further progress in the stand taken by the energetic young lady against the plan of her father to marry her to the aforesaid Wrangle instead of to young Wenham.

The crisis was reached early in April. There had been an ice storm during the night, making the roads as slippery as glass. Unfortunate indeed was the horse that with unsharpened shoes had to venture on them. Trade was brisk at the improvised blacksmith shop, and John Grant had all the work he could handle. Judge Weaver's trotter Kelleck was late in getting into line, so that it was nearly nightfall, with a bitter wind blowing from the northeast, when the prisoner black-

A COUPLE DASHED BY AT HIGH SPEED IN A FAMILIAR SLEIGH.

smith at last stripped Kelleck of his shoes and commenced with his usual expedition the task of reshoeing. Three shoes had been nailed to Kelleck's prancing hoofs when an exclamation from the judge drew the attention of the waiters and loafers to a couple dashing by at high speed in a familiar sleigh. They were Willis Wenham and Judge Weaver's daughter Nellie. As they turned up the road where, two and a half miles distant, the house of the minister was situate it dawned on the company that they were witnesses of an elopement.

There was ample time for the angry judge to overtake the couple, provided John Grant drove the nails of the fourth shoe with his customary quickness. The judge commanded him to hurry. Instead of doing so he laid the shoe down and said that, as he was a prisoner, working only to oblige folks, he'd be hanged if he'd do another tap of work for a man so low down as to swear at him. The judge pleaded and apologized in vain. It was only when the young couple returned and rendered Judge Weaver speechless with rage by the announcement of their marriage that John Grant would consent to put on the other shoe.

The very next day came an April thaw. The traveling was so bad that the prisoner's only visitor was Jailer Gibson, who brought him his meals. In the night when the blacksmith retired the rain was pouring outside in a monotonous drizzle. The Pottersville jail was situated on the bank of a small but deep river, and the waters of this stream were yellowed and swollen by the freshet.

In the early hours of the morning there were a slide and a fall and a splash. Over into the river went a section of banking, the Pottersville jail and the prisoner therein. The structure did not float far, but grounded on the shelving shore opposite the blacksmith shop where John Grant had practiced his trade prior to his latest departure from the narrow path of sobriety. As John Grant forced open the conveniently arranged door it occurred to him that at midnight the sixtieth day of his imprisonment had been completed. His face wore a satisfied smile.

His equanimity was undisturbed the next morning when Judge Weaver drove over, furiously accusing him of stealing the jail and demanding that he return it to the place he had taken it from. The easy grin on the features of the blacksmith grew to broader dimensions.

"I whipped you at 'lection, judge," he drawled slowly, "an' you sent me to that place," indicating the floating jail, "when you had your turn. Then I wouldn't put the shoe on your horse so's you could stop your daughter's marryin' young Wenham. Now you say I stole the jail. Judge, it's this way. I've got a chance to sue the town of Pottersville f'r false imprisonment. I ought to have been let out o' jail at 12 o'clock last night. More'n that, the jail's mine!"

The judge's face grew blank and purple with amazement.

"Yes, sir-ee! The jail's mine. I didn't go to sea f'r nothin' when I was young. Pottersville jail is flotsam—F-L-O-T-S-A-M—an' if the town wants it back it'll get it by payin' good money. An', judge, if you should want Kelleck shod in a hurry don't f'rget I'm doin' business at the same ol' stand!"

STARS IN BASEBALL.

They Are Really Essential to the Success of a Club.

It is absolutely necessary for each and every major league club to have at least one unusually brilliant performer on its roster to be a good gate attraction, and more often than not these stars are pitchers.

Remember the Chicago White Sox of 1906? Ed Walsh was the star who did most to place that team in baseball history, though he received not a little assistance from Doc White. Who made the Giants of a few years ago the most talked of team in baseball? Why, Christy Mathewson, to be sure. He was a star of stars, and in fair or foul weather it was he whom the rooters paid to see. Plank, Coombs and Bender did more to make the Athletics famous than did all of the other great players on the team put together, though the $100,000 infield, consisting of McInnis, Collins, Barry and Baker, was a first class attraction in every sense of the word. But few other clubs in the game's history ever had anything approaching this evenly balanced outfit in its best days.

Bill James in his time came pretty close to making the Braves, and Bill Donovan, Ed Reulbach, Mordecai Brown, Babe Adams, Joe Wood and Grover Alexander all have played leading roles as gate attractions.

What would the Senators have been for years without Walter Johnson? Is it the Tigers or Ty Cobb whom the fans want to see at play? Hal Chase featured the Yankees for years, for many seasons Speaker has been the leading figure with the teams with which he played, and Joe Jackson, Marquard and Lajoie all had large individual followings.

Today a new crop of stars has just about "arrived" and are pulling the crowds.—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

FATHER'S LITTLE JOKE.

The Way It Does Not Impress His Wife and Daughter.

When a man hears a joke which his primitive sense of humor classifies as "the funniest thing he has ever heard" he hurries home to bear the glad tidings to his wife. Father produces his great discovery, but mother's countenance remains untroubled by so much as a smile. Nine wives out of ten will gaze blankly into that interesting emptiness to which woman's eyes are continually traveling over her husband's shoulder. The tenth and cruelest creature will wither her spouse with a penetrating stare which registers "I see nothing—absolutely nothing—funny in that."

Disgusted and baffled, the husband tells the same joke to his daughter. Her only indication of amusement is a pitying uplift of the eyebrows and a subsequent absorption in her knitting.

With his finger on the last unbroken string of hope father approaches his nearest masculine relative. At last success is his, for his son or his son-in-law or his uncle roars, applauds and slaps him on the back. Father bows to imaginary audiences and compliments his fellow man on his perspicacity and his fortunate possession of a sense of humor. He pities "those women, those poor, defective women." — New York Evening Sun.

THE OLD STARCH DOES IT.

Why Collars Crack In Laundering and How to Save Them.

In laundering collars and shirts the first thing to be done is to get the old starch out of them. No amount of washing in water, hot or cold, will do this, for water does not dissolve starch. Cracked collars are due to the old starch being left in the fabric and new starch being put on top of it.

In the words of Wright Van Deusen in the National Laundry Journal, "the old starch remaining in the goods crystallizes under the heat and pressure of the ironing machine and puts the fiber in a brittle condition; hence when bent for pressing through the finishing machine it cracks. Remove the old starch, and, with the uniform consistency of everything that is good in new starch, the collar will be so pliable that it can be bent between finger and thumb with little danger of damage."

The remedy is very simple. It is that used by most of the largest collar manufacturers—the dissolving of the old starch with a liquid malt extract called diastase. This turns the starch into sugar and takes it out of the fabric. One laundry in Troy handles 275,000 dozen collars a week and has so few broken collars that it pays its inspectors a bonus of 2½ cents for each one found.

The Handy Man.

The "jack of all trades," known familiarly as the handy man, is a serious drawback to the industries of the United States, because his knowledge and training are not based on the fundamental rules of any craft. Such men are the bane of any industry, and more especially of high grade machine shops, for their work cannot be relied upon. Doubtless it is a good thing to know something about everything, but the perfect mechanic and high grade foreman is the man who knows everything about something.—George W. Bowie in Industrial Management.

A Good Trick.

Dashaway—You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie. That's good news. I thought she might refuse to see me, as she did the other day. Willie—Not this time. I am mad at her and I played a trick on her. Dashaway—What did you do? Willie (triumphantly)—I said you were another fellow!—Pearson's Weekly.

A Real Luxury.

"Waiter," said the diner, "it says here on the menu 'green bluefish.'"

"Yes, sir. That means fresh—right from the water, sir."

"Nonsense!" said the diner. "You know well enough they do not take bluefish at this season."

The waiter came up and looked at the disputed item.

"Oh, that, sir," he said with an air of enlightenment, "that am hothouse bluefish, sir."—Boston Transcript.

Sanguine Temperament.

"I never saw Dubson's equal for encouraging bill collectors."

"How does he do it?"

"He infects them with his own optimistic belief that he is going to have some money some day."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Toning It Down.

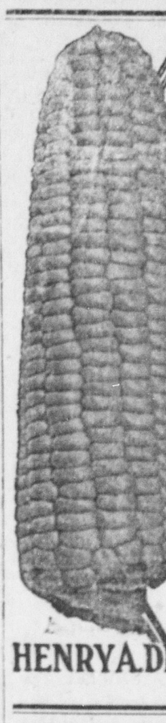
Mother—Joan, dear, have you been doing anything to this ink? Joan—Yes, mummy. I put some water in it to make it write weak. I've been writing a letter to daddy and I wanted to whisper something to him. — London Passing Show.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Read The Bellefonte Republican $1.50 in advance

Don't suffer longer with
RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor.
LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.



Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

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The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

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FARMERS OF CENTRE COUNTY

When the war is over 4% government bonds will likely sell at a premium. You now have the chance to buy a 4% bond that may pay you 6% or more. Why not take it?

Centre County Liberty Loan Com.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

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Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

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Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber, Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

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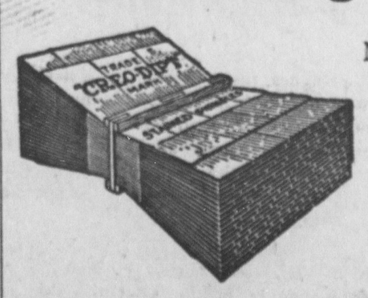

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Creo Dipt Red Cedar Shingles. All colors and Best Quality.

Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

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P. B. CRIDER & SON

Here and There.

"Send him a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

A large assortment of rubber goods at Green's.

If you are single and have an income of $1000 yearly it will be taxed $20.

Mrs. Harry Jackson and Miss Agnes Shields left Bellefonte Saturday morning for Williamsport.

White Line Taxi Service to all parts of the city. Call Bush House either phone. Look for the White Line.

Rally Day services will be held in the Sunday School of St. John's Reformed church next Sunday morning at 9.30.

Edgar F. Heffner, of the firm of Hilton & Heffner, of Lock Haven, has purchased the Krumrine drug store at State College.

The Aid Society of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church expect to have a food sale, with a fancy & apron table, the second week in December.

William H. Patterson, of Clearfield, a former Democratic candidate for Senator in this district, died recently in Clearfield. He was quite well known in Bellefonte and throughout the county.

The big Sunday School convention closed at Pittsburgh Friday. Ives Harvey, of Bellefonte, was chosen as one of the vice presidents for the coming year. No better selection could be made.

"Get the babit" and take the Republican as several hundred good citizens in Bellefonte are doing who are reading it and paying for it, and who say that to take it once means always a subscriber.

Mrs. Sparks, wife of Edwin Erle Sparks, president of Pennsylvania State College, gave a very interesting talk recently at the meeting of the Civic Club at Huntingdon. She is a delightful and entertaining speaker.

Miss Bessie Shirey, of Woodland, Pa., was a guest at the United Brethren parsonage Wednesday night. She spoke in the church to the W. M. A. and Otterbein Guild. Thursday she "Did her bit" by assisting the Laids Aid with their quilting.

The regular term of Clinton county court is in session this week with Judge Henry C. Quigley, of Bellefonte, on the bench. Judge Harry Hall the presiding Judge of that district, is seriously ill in Philadelphia and is under treatment and care of a specialist.

Friday Miss Rachel Shuey left Bellefonte for Sinnemahoning to attend a party given by Miss Helen Counsel at which time the engagement of Miss Counsel to Roscoe B. Smith, of Vermont, was announced. Miss Shuey is spending this week with her friend.

Rev. W. B. Cook, for the past two years pastor of the Salona, Mackerville, Lamar charge of the Methodist church, has resigned his pastorate to become manager of a general store at Port Matilda, where the Superior Silica Brick company is at present erecting a large plant.

Wagner Geiss, the hustling liveryman and produce dealer of Bellefonte, has been loading a car of potatoes this week and thus has been very busy. He found time, however, today (Thursday) to take in the Union county fair that has been the main attraction at Lewisburg this week. While Wagner is partial to the automobile he still takes off his hat to a speedy track horse.

He beat 'em to it. We mean that the first man who purchased meat from John Eckel when he opened his new meat market Saturday morning was Charles Shaffer, clerk in Harvey Shaffer's hardware store, Bellefonte. Now if John gets to be a millionaire Charley will get the credit of giving him his start. Something on the order of Andrew Carnegie giving Charles Schwab his start.

Ralph Spigelmyer, one of the hustling members of the firm that keeps the "Variety Shop" in motion in Bellefonte, in 1882 was the Republican candidate for Assemblp in Centre county and would have put Centre county on the map if he had gotten there. He could have then thrown up his hat for "Teddy." That's thirty-five years ago, "G. R." just in his prime, and a good fighter. That year Andrew G. Curtin ran for Congress and W. A. Wallace for Senator.

W. W. Curtin, of Philadelphia, arrived in Bellefonte Friday and became the guest of his sister, Mrs. George F. Harris, on Linn street. Mr. Curtin is the son of ex-Governor Andrew Gregg Curtin, deceased, and in 1873 was secretary and treasurer of the Bellefonte Car Works which at that time was going to revolutionize the indsutrial interests of the town. Bellefonte had a boom at that time and if it hadn't been for the panic of that year it might have been a great industrial centre. A big pile of money was spent and lost here at that time.

Charles McClure, son of Mr. and Mrs. James I. McClure, of Bellefonte, who for a number of years had been in a law office in Philadelphia, has been chosen as a legal advisor for the firm of Day & Zimmerman, electrical engineers, located in the Quaker City. Harvey McClure, his brother, also has an excellent position with the same firm who own and control several electric plants and street railways in Pennsylvania. The McClure brothers deserve considerable commendation for their efforts to make their lives useful and successful and we are glad they are from Bellefonte.

"Send Lim a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

Chicago won the World Series baseball games this year.

For a good 5 cent smoke try "Black and White" at Green's.

Enclosed Cars, prompt service. Day or night. Give us a Trial. White Line Taxi Co. Look for the White Line.

Rev. Dr. Schmidt left Monday afternoon for Lancaster to attend the 171st annual session of the Eastern Synod of the Reformed church.

Rev. and Mrs. Orlidge, of Runville, and Rev. E. P. Kratzer, of Lemont, were visitors at the United Brethren parsonage on Monday of this week.

Miss Dorothy White, of Philadelphia, is the successor of the late Miss Jennie Morrison as teacher of English in the Philipsburg High School.

The Otterbein Guild of the U. B. church will be "At Home" to the members of the congregation and their friends on Friday Oct. 19th, from 7.30 to 9.30 p. m.

Saturday John Eckel, who opened the new butcher shop on High street, Bellefonte, just stuck in his inside pocket $206 when he closed at 11 o'clock that night.

Mrs. William J. Daley and little daughter Virginia, of Burlington, N. J., are spending a week at the home of Mr. Daley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Daley on Lamb street.

Mrs. W. H. Musser and her granddaughter, Miss Ella Musser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Musser, left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for a short visit among friends and relatives at Altoona.

James Saylor, of this office, left Bellefonte Saturday afternoon for Tyrone where he joined his family at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor. They returned Sunday evening after a very pleasant visit.

Joseph G. Mattern, of Buffalo Run, a member of the Ambulance Corps, has returned to the Allentown camp following a visit to his sisters, Misses Mirism and Helen Mattern, who are stopping with their nephew, Paul Gray.

Fred Yarnell, who is located at Detroit, Michigan, is visiting for a short time in Bellefonte with his parents, Sheriff and Mrs. George H. Yarnell. Fred has been drafted into the Michigan troops for service in the new federal army and will go to camp November 1st.

W. W. Waddle, proprietor of the Brandt House, Bellefonte, will have an attractive bar-room when he gets through spending his money. It was always a dingy, old hole but it will be just the opposite when completed. New furniture will ornament the front part of the bar.

Robert Morris, of Bellefonte, transacted business in Williamsport Monday in the interest of his "Limo Tablets" which are going to be great sellers. They are pleasant to the taste and will do the work which is all that is necessary. "Bob" is pushing their sale to beat the band.

Leo Toner, son of the late James Toner, will leave Bellefonte Sunday for Hyde City, near Clearfield, where he has accepted a position from Dr. Hunting as a book-keeper in the office of the Hyde Manufacturing Company. Leo is a good fellow and his many friends wish for him success in his new employment.

Senator John S. Fisher, of Indiana, was a visitor in Bellefonte last Thursday. He is one of the prominent stockholders in the State-Centre Electric Company and is taking great interest in its progress. He also has stock in the operations at Millersburg, Dauphin county. He is a most excellent gentleman and is always a welcome guest in our town.

First Deputy Attorney General William H. Keller, brother of Harry Keller, of Bellefonte, the other day made the principal plea for the Commonwealth in the argument on the "fifty-one percent nominations." It was taken up in the Dauphin county court in order to obtain a judicial interpretation of exactly what constitutes a sole nomination on a non-partisan ballot when more than one candidate is to be elected.

A. M. Barr, book-keeper for the Bellefonte Basket Shop, of which Miss Mary Blanchard, is manager, left Monday afternoon for Chicago. He took a number of sample baskets with him and it is probable he will make a good Christmas sale in the "Windy City." The Bellefonte baskets are so well known that there is little doubt but that Miles will return heavily laden with orders.

This (Thursday) evening the Bellefonte Presbyterian Sunday School will have a social in the chapel. Dr McKinney, the pastor, and James R. Hughes, the superintendent, have something up their sleeves in the way of an entertainment and refreshments that are bound to please all who will go. It is simply for the members of the school and all those who desire to become members.

Saturday Rev. H. A. McKelvey, of Laurel, Ceader county, Neb., was in Bellefonte looking after the title of a farm which he recently purchased near Port Matilda. He and his wife, who had been visiting at Tyrone, left Monday for their western home to remain until spring when they will return to Centre county and again make their home at Port Matilda where Rev. McKelvey was stationed for several years. He says he likes the western country but preferred the east.

"Send him a photograph."—Mallory Studio.

You can save your stock by using Green's condition powders.

Mrs. D. E. Woodring, of Milesburg, was the guest of her son, B. E. Woodring and family, at Tyrone over Sunday.

Miss Lucy Miller one of the obliging operators at the Commercial Exchange spent Sunday with friends in Williamsport.

Buy a Special Trip Ticket—6 trips for $1.00. Good only in Bellefonte. White Line Taxi Co. Call Bush House, either phone. Look for the White Line.

Dr. Edith Schad will leave Bellefonte Friday afternoon for Philipsburg to spend Saturday and Sunday with her daughter, Miss Mary Schad, who is teaching school there this winter.

Guy Call, barber in Harry Ruhl's barber shop, Bellefonte, won't cut you with the razor even if he is a little nervous over the fact that the stork brought to his home a little daughter recently.

Miss Margaret Cassidy, daughter of R. A. Cassidy, of Canton, Ohio, is visiting her brother, W. C. Cassidy, in Petrikin Hall, Bellefonte. Monday she and Mrs. Cassidy were visitors in Williamsport.

J. M. Cunningham left Bellefonte Tuesday morning for Williamsport where he tested several scales and placed them in good shape again. They made no mistake when they put "Mitch" on the job because what he doesn't know about scales is not worth kowing.

Saturday the Ladies Auxiliary of the Bellefonte hospital held a one day rummage sale that netted them $260. Some good sarmaritan ought to contribute the other $40 and make it the even $300. These ladies worked hard and they are to be congratulated on making the sale such a success.

Rev. James P. Hughes, one of the oldest residents in Centre county, is seriously ill at his home at the Bellefonte Academy. Should he live until the coming December he will be 90 years of age. He always possessed a rugged constitution and his friends are hoping that it will be sufficiently strong at this time to enable him to recover.

Mrs. Jesse Woodring, of Port Matilda, is at Philpsburg on a visit to her sons, Z. I. and M. J. Woodring. She went over Sunday in Z. I's car, and thus made her first trip over the mountain by auto. She had for many years traversed the same road by means of a horse and buggy, but this trip by auto was made so quickly as to cause her much amazement.

Today (Thursday) Carroll Weaver, the Bellefonte grocer, moved from the Edward Cooke property, on Linn street, to W. R. Shope's property on South Thomas street. R. H. Alport will move from Henry Lowry's residence, on east Bishop street to the house vacated by Mr. Weaver. C. C. Shuey will move into the Lowry house and Will Katz will take posession of the Shuey house on High street. Dr. M. W. Reed will move from the Shoemaker flat to the house now occupied by Will Katz, opposite the court house.

"Jack" Lane, who for several years had been the dyer at the Bellefonte Basket Shop, has left for Philadelphia where he is permanently located. However, he will make visits here occasionly to keep in touch with the work at the Basket Shop. As the saying goes "Jack" was a good scout and had hosts of warm, genial friends and by them he will be missed. He was always thinking how he could make others happy and often shared the comforts of his little home on Pine street with strangers who were in need of such hospitality.

Robert Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs John S. Walker, arrived home Saturday afternoon and remained until Monday afternoon. He is doing service for Uncle Sam at League Island, near Philadelphia. He was attired in a uniform of blue with brass buttons and a white cap it was quite different from a sailor's uniform in the fact that was void of the wide pantaloons and blouse shirt. The insignia on his sleave indicated that he belonged to the ordnance corps. He is very much pleased with his work and anytime he may be called to France.

Samuel Emerick, of near Unionville, a prominent citizen of that section of the county, was in Bellefonte Monday. He has been in ill health for some time, suffering from a disease that has affected the nerves at the root of his tongue. It has caused him to lose his sense of taste to a large degree so that sugar or anything sweet has become obnoxious to him. He is able to be around although too weak to do any work. His friends are hoping that a turn may come for the better and he will regain his former health. Mrs. Emerick was with him.

A hiking party from Philadelphia arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday evening and remained over night at the Bush House and on Wednesday morning left on the train for Howard. From there they walked to Mill Hall. They had a regular hiking outfit and were out for health and pleasure. They walk until they are tired and then use the train to rest. The party was composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: William L. DuBois, S. L. Schumo, Mabel Schumo, G. B. Kaiser, Charles Chambers, C. E. Ogden, Miss W. H. Hollinshead, L. L. Omenseffer, Hepsey Norris Wells, Mrs. H. B. Chipley, Harold Palmer and Mrs. E. J. Gadsby.

Delicious chocolates only 39 cents a pound at Green's Pharmacy Co.

T. M. Gramley, of Spring Mills, transacted business and greeted friends in town on Wednesday.

Justice of the Peace Cyrus Brungard, of Centre Hall, was a business visitor in Bellefonte on Wednesday.

Frank Pettingill of Buffalo, N. Y., is now in Bellefonte superintending the erection of the Titan metal works. When the buildings are up he will set the machinery.

Luther Crissman, son of Homer Crissman, and a member of Troop L, Bellefonte, was operated upon for appendicitis Monday in the hospital at Augusta, Ga. It was a success and he is on the road to recovery.

Manager Ed Garman of the Bellefonte opera house, wants everybody to go to the opera house Thursday night, October 25th, and see the attraction known, far and near, as "The Newly Weds." This is a big musical cast and cannot help but make you laugh and please you. The main attraction on the stage will be "The Grown up Baby.," Prices, 35, 50, 75 cents and $1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boal, of Washington, D. C., are guests at the Longwell home on Spring street. Mrs. Boal was formerly Miss Jennie Gherret and for a number of years was one of the efficient teachers in the Bellefonte Academy. Mr. Boal with George Barret, and a number of other legally inclined young men in Bellefonte, were studying Blackstone and often after comparing notes Mr. Boal, in the office of the late William P. Wilson, which was where Beezer's meat market is now, would treat the boys to one of Shakespeare's best.

A letter to Mrs. C. D. Tanner from Miss Jane Hafer, formerly of Bellefonte, but who is now in France getting ready for Red Cross work in the trenches, says she is walking four miles a day to keep in trim. The inhabitants and their customs in France are very odd to her, although she has met a number of very nice people. The other day she was walking down street with an American friend who could talk the language fluently. As they passed through the thoroughfares they could hear pedestrians making odd remarks about them, but of course not of a detrimental character.

New Art Pictures of
WAR PRESIDENTS
Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS
The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
500	"	"	50	"
1000	"	"	80	"

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Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

Just Call Bush House. Car at door. 25c to all parts of the city. 6 trip ticket, six trips $1.00. White Taxi Co. Look for the White Line.

"Not So Bad Bein Laid Up"
Cheerful? Why not? Schedul for a couple of weeks more, but should worry!
Why, that little old wreck and r smashed leg have brought me a chan from the "road"—all the comforts home—and $200 every four wee from my ÆTNA ACCIDENT PO ICY, together with payment of t surgeon's fee. Not to mention t $25 I'll get every week while I lame-ducking in the open air.
Pretty soft, eh? Especially wh a fellow works only on commissio Seriously, all of you boys ought

ÆTNA-IZE
You're not worrying the banks wi deposits any more than I did. And wh the accident breaks, your good old Ætn income keeps away the wolf and debt and makes you independent. No spong ing for me!
The cost? Honestly, too small to tal about.
Before the jinx gets 'round to you, bette 'phone, write or call today on my agent—
John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

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Young Men in College, High School, Business, Profcssions; Come to us.

You'll be interested in the new Hart Schaffner & Marx styles for fall; new colors, new weaves, new models. Suits and overcoats made with practical ideas in style, with wholesale dignity.

Belt suits, military types, high waisted coats, military overcoat models; a great assortment of the best things.

You will continue to get good clothes for reasonable prices at this store. We will continue to guarantee and insure your complete satisfaction in the wearing of these clothes.

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